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ART. I. — *The Alhambra : a Series of Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards.* By the Author of "The Sketch Book." 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 470. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1832.

MR. IRVING has the rare fortune of wide present fame with the promise of at least equal favor and distinction hereafter. To all appearance, he has not an enemy in the world. His faults may be noted as minutely as if he belonged to a remote age, and they will be commented upon with the same kind of fairness and good humor that we extend to an ancient ; so that no strife of vindication is raised, and his popularity suffers no diminution. He does not receive the strained and vehement praises of an idolatrous few who are occupied in detecting latent beauties, and whose very manner of extolling an author is full of indirect pity or contempt for the less discerning reader ; but he hears a general and hearty acknowledgment of properties that are fitted to delight all. He writes of his countrymen and of foreigners ; he enters their dwellings, describes their classes, amusements, and occupations, relates their exploits seriously or gravely, paints their habits, usages, and follies ; he tells the truth on all sides, and all are instructed and entertained ; no prejudices are shocked and no pride is wounded. The satirist, the painter, the chronicler, the foreigner, is always a friend. He spends a large and it may be the best part of life in other countries, and mixes with the people as one who has made his home among them, rather than as a mere observer of outlandish character and modes ; as one who loves to study familiarly

what there is alike and various in different countries, and not as one driven abroad "to seek new haunt for prey," because he had devoured the little there was at home. He returns to his own land after many years, and finds that he was expected and desired, that his own people have watched him with pride and affection through all his rambles and sojourns, and that every word he had sent them of others was also pleasing news of himself. We cannot then in any way regard him as a book-maker, however the case may be. We are reminded rather of a man of genius, of nice tact, and a liberal, even temper, taking noiseless survey of life and nature and events with relish and single-heartedness, and finding as much pleasure in talking things over as he ever felt in looking at them. Though he is our countryman he calls forth nothing but what is generous in nationality. For once, we are allowed to forget that we are but of yesterday and have yet a character to gain in literature; we forget that Englishmen sneered before and praise now; we think only of an eminent American writer who has borrowed largely from many countries and made all his debtors.

And as we are here strongly impressed with it, we might speak of that most delightful of all critical offices, the giving of free, fearless praise, and objecting, if need be, with the same bold frankness. So annoying is it to feel for ever in doubt lest you are saying too much, or not discriminating precisely the character of what is good, — so impoverishing to one's own mind to be always frugal towards another, and so chilling to be anxiously exact and qualifying in every word we utter, that a critic is the most grateful of all readers and students when he is at liberty to surrender himself to an unreserved, luxurious liking of an author, and to regard his business for the time as little more than the expression of delight, mingled, it may be, with friendly differences of opinion and taste. The grave or harsh countenance of a public literary censor, all the manner of a judge, whether indicating his sense of authority or responsibility, disappears, and he becomes the companion if not the worshipper of some high genius, too high to be estimated by common rules, and too engrossing or overpowering to leave the mind coolness or leisure for formal strictures or praise.

Great as Mr. Irving's power is in relating or describing what is real, it is far greater in the higher walk of invention.

Still there is so much of the same manner in his real narratives and sketches, and in those which are wholly or mainly of his own creation, that perhaps his distinct merit in each has not been enough considered. A certain character of humor, romance, tenderness, meditation, and dramatic vivacity belongs to the man; and as one or more of these qualities appear in all his writings, we may often confound his facts with his fancies, or else underrate the grave value of the former, when indeed we ought only to wonder at his original resource and truth of invention in the latter. What injury this is to do him as an historian, we cannot say; and we shall feel no concern about it till we find that his ambition is professedly and chiefly directed to giving us precise facts, instead of exhibiting, according to his old practice, such general truth as can be figured in glowing pictures, and in sketches rather adapted to the times or people he writes of, than borrowed from unquestioned records or documents. And this is said without in the least intending to impugn the historical credit of his "*Columbus*," abounding as it certainly does in romantic and dramatic interest, but for which as for other professed historical works, he prepared himself by researches in foreign libraries that entitle him to a high place among zealous and successful antiquaries. It might seem as if, in the office of an historian, he had been led by his peculiar temperament to select just such a period and such characters, manners, and incidents as would allow him to indulge his imagination and all his poetical or romantic tendencies to the full, and enable him notwithstanding to preserve the dignity and bear the authority of a grave instructor. But most probably it matters little with him what subject he takes. He could not help bringing the same mind to it, and shaping and coloring it accordingly. The sun, with the never-failing ministry of clouds or shadow, is daily making poetry of all that it shines on.

In speaking of his strictly original writings, we should say that humor is his most striking quality, heightened as it often is by a sentimental or a grotesque air, which it receives from connexion with grand or romantic scenes and incidents, and characters tinged with melancholy. It is no argument against such a union and effect, that Milton has produced the most offensive burlesque, by the punning gibes he puts into the mouths of Angel and Archangel during the pause of the

celestial fight and the moment after its renewal. He showed a want both of humor and taste in this. It was surely no time, no place, no company for jesting, and we doubt not that our countryman's genius would have been rebuked in that presence. There must be a harmony in the very contrasts to produce the effect we speak of, and Mr. Irving knows how to bring the wildest spots and the most startling superstitions to the aid of what is strictly droll or comic, and they receive from it in turn the more vividness and terror, so that the mere mention of his surpassing power in humor has at once reminded us of his mastery of the grand and even terrific. — His humor is as unlike as possible a certain ingenious, pains-taking collection and assortment of piquant, smart, striking things, each drawing attention to itself, and all of them failing to produce one entire piece, or one generous mixture of surprise, mirth, and healthful exhilaration. Just so it is with a set conversation of professed wits or wags, who would shun an easy natural continuity of talk as flat prosing, and labor all the time for the strange and sparkling, abhorring the relief of any thing simple and unpretending, and content only with a series of explosions and flashes, each if possible louder and brighter than the preceding, and finally as wearisome as a jest-book, wearisome beyond all dullness. Our author is a reveller in humor. He has had it all to himself, and we must enter fully into his spirit and ways if we would profit by the communication. It is not the product of sudden association or a momentary play of fancy, and must not be examined parcel by parcel. His imagination, and a highly poetical one, is full of the matter in hand and sees the end from the beginning. There is a scene, there are persons, there is something going on. The commonest object, the commonest action, ordinary discourse, every day people and occupations, — no matter what it is, and we know not how it is, — they all at once have a strange power over us; they have all conspired to do something they never did before singly or together. They are just as truly before us as they ever were, yes, more distinctly before us, and yet all dispose us to riot, frolic, or temperate mirth. Every thing is turned into humor, the very atmosphere is loaded with it; and the charm once upon us, it is never broken. We may have all this delight in perfect solitude; not a sound of laughter may escape us, nor a smile gather on the lips. It is inward,

salubrious joy. Our faculties are brightened, our tempers sweetened, our prospects look clearer, tranquillity loses its opacity, the dull moral sense, its morbidness; we have even gained new knowledge and seen better into men's characters. And the benevolence of his humor is as remarkable as any thing, and we may add, too, its conscientiousness; for it will not let the laughter become a scorner. Nothing is dealt unkindly or unjustly with; nothing respectable or useful is made ridiculous or contemptible, however it be made to serve a comic purpose. We are pleased to see things in their new relation, without valuing them the less in that we had been accustomed to. — Now, that there is at times a fondness for caricature, and a little forcing of some favorite words to droll uses, and occasionally symptoms of a determination to be queer when there is no call for it, and no impulse to it, is probably very true, and must pass for what it is worth.

Next to the author's humor, we may distinguish his power in the pathetic. The two may belong very well to the same mind in its most healthy state. Yet, of the two, there is more peril in attempting the pathetic when not in the mood, or when a man has not the genuine principles of art or taste always at hand, to guide him as if with instinctive readiness and certainty. There is danger, because it is so easy and so agreeable to work the mind to a merely artificial sympathy; and sometimes where the object is entitled to sincere sympathy and has actually excited it, yet it may not be delicately exhibited. Perhaps no feeling, generous as it is, needs more the governance of a sound taste, than that of pity, when the artist would produce in another the whole emotion that has spread so spontaneously and apparently with no help at all through his own mind. And the effect of a failure is much more serious than that of a poor jest. If sentiment becomes mawkish, distress, tawdry or theatrical, if there is a protracted deliciousness in sorrow that would not be comforted for worlds, if there is a plaintiveness and languor of tone in grief, that seems to be kept up chiefly because the ear is soothed; we say, that this is not of true feeling, and such exhibitions should only be in ridicule of false woes and self-fabricated misfortunes or perplexities. Something of these faults we have seen or fancied in more than one of Mr. Irving's pathetic tales; and yet it is strange

that we should have begun with doubts and censures, when tenderness is one of his greatest beauties ; a diffusive influence, a thin, soft vapor that rests upon him and his thoughts almost every where. It is upon his landscapes, upon summer in its heaving, tranquil profusion, and autumn in its coat of many colors as the favored child of the year ; upon the river of a new world the first time it is explored by the foreign settler, and upon the approach to the yet undiscovered islands of the West ; and it is seen equally in an endless variety of characters, in the submission of a desolate mother, in Langstaff's autumn walk with Evergreen, in the dejection of Columbus, and in the Indian's purity, gentleness, content, and hospitality. Besides that the author's temperament fits him for the contemplation and painting of what is in itself deeply moving, he furnishes also another evidence of the fact, that a strong affection for nature and all that is beautiful, delicate, and lovely, is serious as well as happy, and that the fullness of delight is not without melancholy.

His power of description is the next quality that presents itself, and the difficulty of saying what distinguishes it, is, that it takes so many forms. If, like some masters of our art, we could by a severe analysis ascertain some one element or principle that marks all his descriptive writings, our work would be easily done ; we might have the credit of a theory, and tempt others to think that a bold and fortunate epithet had revealed the secret of his beauty and defined its character. Let us see if it will help us to name some of the classes of describers. There is the austere, and the gorgeous ; one, all amplitude and glory, the other, rigid and shorn. There is the faithful painter of forms, positions, and colors, of every thing that is external, and another who is not content unless he makes his feelings as visible as the object that affects them, and puts them both together. One is minute, or full of detail ; another has fewer facts, and yet is called more picturesque, because he knows better how to stir the imagination. One sets us in the midst of things, and another makes us patient spectators of the canvass. One opens a scene to us by a word, and another clouds every thing by amplification. Without swelling the list, we leave the reader to select from it what he approves and give it to Mr. Irving, and add whatever may further define his own idea of the author's admirable talent for description. On this point we

shall record only one experience of our own, and that is the feeling of newness or freshness that is upon all his pictures; — not a modern air or the dazzling polish of art, but the exhilarating brightness of new risen day or of the dreams of boyhood; a splendor and purity that remind us, however strangely, of scenes in “*The Arabian Nights*,” and at the same time of the Eden Isle of Robinson Crusoe. He may be employed upon events and personages of a distant period, upon our own country at the hour of its discovery, or upon the earliest expedition of a foreigner up his favorite Hudson, and yet there is nothing venerable or worn with age, — all is in primeval youth, and as if touched for the first time by his hand. Nothing is older than the fancies we have preserved of our earliest days; and whether his scenes be true or imaginary, whether we have ever seen them or not, we seem to have once dreamt of them all, and here they are before us again.

We believe, however, that the principal objections to Mr. Irving's style and use of language have been raised from passages in his descriptive and sentimental writings. His manner, to all appearance perfectly effortless, often wants the variety, spirit, and true expression of perfect ease. Its very facility and graceful finish or roundness may have concealed from the writer himself much of vapidness and indefiniteness. The mannerism which grew up most naturally from his cast of mind may have gained a mastery over him of which he is wholly unconscious, and induce him to write always as he always has written, merely in obedience to habit. Then it is that a superfluity of words will be noticed, words, too, that are rich, powerful, and delicious, but lose their force and luxuriousness in the use to which they are put. A vaporous, uncertain, roundabout way of expression may be adopted from a mistaken notion of dignity or elegance. — It seasonably occurs to us in the midst of these objections, that it is hardly safe for any one to say, that this or that thing is unnatural or insincere in another. The critic may have his own poor prejudices; the writer perhaps is heedless, versatile, and prodigal, and less in the humor to do himself justice at one time than at another. Our own idea of the character and destiny of his serious style may be partly shadowed forth by a passage from “*The Alhambra*,” describing the architecture of the Court of Lions: “It is characterized by

elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When we look upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls, it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveller. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition, that the whole is protected by a magic charm." — If we should insist upon one objection to his serious manner more than another, it would be to his frequently avoiding familiar language that would tell the very thing, and preferring a made-up expression which, though some may think it looks more respectable, is yet both less significant, and somewhat ludicrously formal. When Camilla was about to feed a caged bullfinch, Miss Burney no doubt thought it would give proper dignity to the action to say, that "she drew out the receptacle for the bird's nourishment to replenish the machine." Would it be believed that we could match this in passages from our author, from Scott, and another eminent tale-writer of our time? The defect may be of less moment in men of such abundant and varied excellence, but it is an injury even to them, and they are doing still greater harm to others, so far as they have classic authority; and we wish that some fatal word of reprobation could be discovered or invented, that would put down for ever all such foppery or carelessness.

Since the author is chiefly known as a writer of narratives, real or fictitious, it might be proper to dwell a little upon his manner of telling a story. But we must be content with having touched upon it in our rambling recollections of his numerous writings, as it is high time to speak of the work named at the head of this article and the latest from his pen. His "*Conquest of Granada*," and his notices of Columbus and other discoverers, are the fruit of diligent, responsible research; and the volumes before us appear to be the fruit of some inquiry, some observation, and perhaps more of reverie, in the scenes he describes. They give us a pleasant, airy account of the Alhambra, the ancient Moorish fortress in Granada, with "*Tales and Sketches of the Moors and Spaniards*," in some way connected with this romantic pile, and a few characteristic details of the author's way of spend-

ing his time during a sojourn there of several months. To those of us who know little of the interior of Spain, of the domestic state of things there, and of the speech, habits, and notions of the common people, Mr. Irving's book will give some information, at least as regards a part of the country ; though for all that we know, what he says of things there at the present day, may be true of things as they were ages ago. Let us begin with the journey from Seville to Granada, which is as spirited as any thing in the book.

" And here, before setting forth, let me indulge in a few previous remarks on Spanish scenery and Spanish travelling. Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long, naked, sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and invariably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths, but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with in but few provinces of Spain, and in them chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man.

" In the exterior provinces, the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sun-burnt ; but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil ; at length he perceives some village perched on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower ; a strong-hold in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad ; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters.

" But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people, and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, and abstemious Spaniard, his

manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

"There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight, here and there, of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert, or a single herdsman, armed with blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus, the country, the habits, the very looks of the people have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market town without his trabuco; and, perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparations of a warlike enterprise.

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"It has a most picturesque effect, also, to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking with their simple melody the stillness of the airy height; or, perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chanting at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditionary ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the cragged defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep, arid chasms below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths; while, as they pass by, the ever ready trabuco, slung behind their packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road." Vol. i. pp. 13—19.

The luxury of shelter at burning noon-day is thus described.

"Those, only, who have sojourned in the ardent climates of the South, can appreciate the delights of an abode combining the breezy coolness of the mountain with the freshness and verdure of the valley.

"While the city below pants with the noon-tide heat, and the parched Vega trembles to the eye, the delicate airs from the Sierra Nevada play through the lofty halls, bringing with them the sweetness of the surrounding gardens. Every thing invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of Southern climes; and while the half-shut eye looks out from shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmur of running streams." Vol. i. pp. 58, 59.

There is much serious truth in his gay and some might call it frivolous view of different conditions of men.

"There are two classes of people to whom life seems one long holyday, the very rich and the very poor; one because they need do nothing, the other because they have nothing to do; but there are none who understand the art of doing nothing and living upon nothing better than the poor classes of Spain. Climate does one half and temperament the rest. Give a Spaniard the shade in summer, and the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil, and garbanzos, an old brown cloak and a guitar, and let the world roll on as it pleases. Talk of poverty, with him it has no disgrace. It sits upon him with a grandioso style, like his ragged cloak. He is a hidalgo even when in rags.

"The 'Sons of the Alhambra' are an eminent illustration of this practical philosophy. As the Moors imagined that the celestial paradise hung over this favored spot, so I am inclined, at times, to fancy that a gleam of the golden age still lingers about this ragged community. They possess nothing, they do nothing, they care for nothing. Yet, though apparently idle all the week, they are as observant of all holydays and saints' days as the most laborious artisan. They attend all fêtes and dancings in Granada and its vicinity, light bonfires on the hills of St. John's eve and have lately danced away the moonlight nights, on the harvest home of a small field of wheat within the precincts of the fortress." Vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

The "Ramble among the Hills" furnishes him with an impressive scene and solemn reflections.

"We at length arrived on the highest part of the promontory above Granada, called the Mountain of the Sun. The evening was approaching; the setting sun just gilded the loftiest heights. Here and there a solitary shepherd might be deserted driving his flock down the declivities to be folded for the night, or a muleteer and his lagging animals threading some mountain path, to arrive at the city gates before nightfall.

"Presently the deep tones of the cathedral bell came swelling up the defiles, proclaiming the hour of Oracion, or prayer. The note was responded to from the belfry of every church, and from the sweet bells of the convents among the mountains. The shepherd paused on the fold of the hill, the muleteer in the midst of the road; each took off his hat, and remained motionless for a time, murmuring his evening prayer. There is always something solemn and pleasing in the custom; by which, at a melodious signal, every human being throughout the land, recites, at the same moment, a tribute of thanks to God for the mercies of the day. It diffuses a transient sanctity over the land, and the sight of the sun sinking in all his glory, adds not a little to the solemnity of the scene. In the present instance, the effect was heightened by the wild and lonely nature of the place. We were on the naked and broken summit of the haunted Mountain of the Sun, where ruined tanks and cisterns, and the mouldering foundations of extensive buildings spoke of former populousness, but where all was now silent and desolate." pp. 131, 132.

The description of the Alhambra itself takes several chapters of the first volume. It is not a continued architectural or garden or mountain sketch; the author wanders from place to place, exploring the desolate interior, or examining the outside from different points, and cheering his descriptions with his own little adventures, and with the legends he picks up from his guide, or has found in other quarters. No solitude can be more intense than his at times in the Alhambra, and none more thoroughly happy. The plan of this part of the work is skilfully contrived to make one acquainted with the city, its castellated palace and the surrounding country.

Without going further into details, we may add that the "Truant Bird," and the "Tower of Comares," (both a little in Miss Mitford's manner,) Governor Manco with his corporal, the notary, and soldier; the fancies which possessed the author as he looked out from the balcony, and the adventures of the Pilgrim of Love who could talk with birds, are among the parts of the work that are clearest in our memory, and probably they will be favorite chapters with all readers. To those who in early life knew just enough of the Moorish race to be haunted with images of Oriental splendor in dress and arms and palaces and gardens, of the indolence of a luxurious people and climate, united with the most desperate valor and accomplished chivalry in open or

predatory war; to those who are enchanted with their beautiful superstitions, and with the poetry, music, and love, that softened what was barbarian in their habits and tempers; and who are fond of tracing to this old fallen people much of the charm that hangs over unchanging Spain,—to such this work will be most acceptable, for it is a good deal of a romance after all, and an air of Eastern fiction seems to become the fortunes of this once splendid and formidable race more than the most veritable and informing history.

ART. II. — *Theological Library*. No. I. *The Life of Wiclif*. By CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, M. A., Professor in the East India College, Herts; and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1832. 12mo. pp. 395.

THE following extract from the work before us happily indicates the true province of a religious reformer.

“It is a pernicious, though shallow artifice, to speak of Luther as the architect of a fabric which had any other foundation than that which was laid by the Almighty Master-BUILDER. *Other foundation can no man lay. The Church of Christ, which was from the beginning, is, and continueth unto the end.* The severe majesty of the structure had been disfigured and obscured by toyish and capricious outworks; and it had been girt about by turrets and battlements, which unhallowed ambition had made strong for itself; and which had frowned upon the most precious liberties of man. These had, for ages past, been assailed by a vigorous though desultory warfare, and the attack had sometimes been powerful enough to warrant the hope, that their strength was not impregnable. But it was left for Martin Luther to go forth, in the strength of God, and to shake the greater part of them to ruins. When this was done, the sanctuary was seen, in its grandeur and simplicity, resting on the imperishable rock; and men, once more, went up to the house of the Lord, to worship Him in spirit and in truth.” p. 47.

If such be the work of a reformer, Wiclif deserves the name much better than Luther. The disinterestedness of the motives with which Luther commenced his attack upon the papal hierarchy is at least questionable; Wiclif under-

took to expose the errors and follies of a church from which he was deriving great and increasing honor and emolument. Luther was as bigotedly attached to his own rashly formed and incoherent creed, as ever was an honest Catholic to that of Athanasius. Wiclif seems to have considered sanctity of life as the only test of Christian character. Luther, though he verbally admitted, in practice denied the sufficiency of the Scriptures, inasmuch as he excluded from Christian fellowship those who agreed with him in holding it; Wiclif professed distinctly and without limitation the fundamental principles of Protestantism, the sufficiency of the Scriptures and the right of private judgment as to their interpretation. The following extract presents in his own words the motives which induced him to furnish his countrymen with a vernacular translation of the Scriptures, — the oldest entire English version.

“Those heretics are not to be heard, who fancy that secular men ought not to know the law of God, but that it is sufficient for them to know what the priests and prelates tell them by word of mouth: *for Scripture is the faith of the Church*, and the more it is known in an orthodox sense, the better. Therefore, as secular men ought to know the faith, so it is to be taught them in whatever language is best known to them. Besides, since the truth of the faith is clearer and more exact in the Scripture than the priests know how to express it, (seeing, if one may say so, that there are many prelates who are too ignorant of Scripture, and others conceal points of Scripture, such, for instance, as declare for the humility and poverty of the clergy, — and that there are many such defects in the verbal instructions of priests), — it seems useful that the faithful should, themselves, search out, or discover, the sense of the faith, by having the Scriptures in a language which they know and understand. He who hinders this, or murmurs against it, does his endeavour that the people should continue in a damnable and unbelieving state. The laws, therefore, which the prelates make, are not to be received as matters of faith; nor are we to believe their words or discourses, any farther, or otherwise, than they are founded on the Scripture; since, according to the constant doctrine of Augustine, *the Scripture is all the truth*. Therefore, this translation of the Scripture would do this good, that it would render priests and prelates unsuspected, as to the words which they explain. . . . Prelates, as the Pope and friars, and other means, may prove

defective : accordingly Christ and his Apostles converted the world by making known to them the truths of Scripture in a language familiar to the people ; and for this purpose the Holy Spirit gave them the knowledge of all tongues. Why, then, should not the disciples of Christ, at the present day, take freely from the same loaf, and distribute to the people ? Besides, according to the faith which the apostle teaches, all Christians must stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and be answerable to him for all the goods wherewith he has entrusted them. It is, therefore, necessary that the faithful should know these goods, and the use of them ; *for an answer by prelate or attorney will not then avail, but every one must then answer in his own person.* Since then God has given to both clergy and laity the knowledge of the faith, to this end, that they may teach it the more plainly, and may faithfully work by it, it is plain that God, in the day of judgment, will require a true account of the use of these goods, how they have been put out to usury." pp. 218, 220.

Not only did Wiclif recommend and facilitate Scriptural research ;—he took the lead in it, and in the midst of a dark and corrupt age drew from the Bible a comparatively pure system of faith. He revived the long exploded doctrine of a righteous retribution, and maintained, that "in the presence of his Judge each man must stand or fall by his own *personal* doings, not by those of his confessor, or of his mass-priest, or of any other spiritual agent." He considered images as the *books of unlearned men*, and allowed their lawfulness, though he deemed the use of them unsafe and tending to idolatry. He censured it as folly to ask any intercession except that of Jesus Christ. Auricular confession and papal indulgences he utterly denounced. He scrupled not to pronounce the Pope Anti-Christ. The doctrine of transubstantiation he denied, though he does not seem to have receded farther from it than Luther did.

With these enlightened doctrinal views he united diligence and punctuality in the discharge of duty. He did not consider himself absolved by the rank which he assumed as a Reformer from the private duties of a Christian minister. How exalted were his views of the dignity of the clerical office and the standard of ministerial fidelity, will appear by the following passage from one of his works.

"Good priests, who live well, in purity of thought, and

speech, and deed, and in good example to the people, who teach the law of God, up to their knowledge, and labor fast, night and day, to learn it better, and teach it openly and constantly, these are the very prophets of God, and holy angels of God, and the spiritual lights of the world! Thus saith God, by his prophets, and Jesus Christ in his Gospel; and saints declare it well by authority and reason. Think then, ye priests, on this noble office, and honor it, and do it cheerfully according to your knowledge and your power." p. 268.

He thought that the clergy ought to be supported, not by ecclesiastical endowments, but by voluntary contribution, and was ready to apply to them the precept of St. Paul with regard to the laity, "that if any would not work, neither should he eat." In Lutterworth, of which he was rector, tradition represents him to have regularly devoted a portion of each morning to the relief of the necessitous, the consolation of the afflicted, and the discharge of every pious office by the bed of sickness and death. More than three hundred of his parochial sermons are preserved. They are plain and practical expositions of Scripture and exhortations to duty. And yet, while discharging indefatigably all the duties of a parish-priest, he was issuing those attacks upon papal usurpation and corruptions, which made the pontiff tremble on his throne and stirred up the ire of his menial prelates throughout Christendom, and was frequently summoned for trial before the ecclesiastical authorities of his own country.

Nor was he deficient in energy of spirit. He deemed himself an instrument in the hand of Providence for the accomplishment of important results, and that confidence made him strong. The following anecdote is given by his biographer as illustrative of undaunted firmness. He had always been strongly opposed to the rapacity and corruption of the *mendicant friars*, and was their avowed and determined enemy. He was at one time, when worn out by incessant labor and by the anxieties attendant upon a recent prosecution, seized with a dangerous illness. While he was apparently on the verge of the grave, the exulting mendicants sent a deputation to induce him to confess his sins against them and to recant. He listened in silence to a long exhortation addressed to him as a dying man, whose soul's salvation depended on his answer. When it was concluded, he ordered his servants to raise him on his pillows, and, fixing

his eyes upon his enemies, he said, calmly and firmly: "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars."

"A short time before his death, he received a summons from the Pope, Urban the Sixth, commanding him to appear before him in person, and there to defend himself from the imputation of heretical doctrines. His answer to this mandate is a very curious document. He was then suffering from paralysis, and was thus disabled for so formidable a journey. In his reply, however, he does not content himself with declining to obey the citation, but seizes the opportunity of offering to the Pontiff much salutary and unceremonious advice. He professes his joyful readiness to give account of his faith to all true men, and especially to the Pope, whom he acknowledges to be the highest Vicar that Christ has on earth; adding, however, that his greatness is not to be estimated by his worldly pomp, but by his more eminent conformity to the law of Christ; who, while on earth, was the poorest of men *both in spirit and in having*. It was, therefore, he submitted most wholesome counsel, that his Holiness should leave his worldly lordship to worldly lords, and move speedily all his clerks to do the same; and if this opinion of his should be found erroneous, he was willing to be amended, even by death, if it were necessary. He protests that if he might travel in person, he would, with God's will, go to the Pope; but Christ had *needed* him to the contrary; and to Christ's will it became both him and the Pope to submit, — unless the Pope were willing to set up openly for Anti-Christ." pp. 255, 256.

It may be matter of surprise that a man thus intrepid and so far in advance of his age should have died upon his bed. His escape from martyrdom can be accounted for only by the fact, that at different times he gained the confidence of the king, the respect of Parliament, and the protection of John of Gaunt, at that time the most powerful among the English nobility, by opposing the temporal sovereignty and the pecuniary exactions of the Romish see. He, however, underwent a kind of posthumous martyrdom; for, forty-eight years after his death, something, supposed to be his remains, was disinterred, burned, and then cast into a neighbouring brook. "The brook," says Fuller, "did convey his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif

are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

As the founder of a sect, Wiclif's course resembles that adopted in the last century by Wesley. Like him he was a regular and fully qualified minister in the established church; like him he authorized and managed an unlicensed, imperfectly educated, and itinerant ministry. In fact, Wesley probably took the idea of such a ministry from Wiclif. Nor has Wiclif the credit of originality. The unbounded success of his depraved and mischief-working enemies, the mendicant friars, doubtless suggested to him the expediency of employing, in the cause of truth and virtue, a system which they had wielded for the gratification of avarice and sensuality. However that may be, he could have taken no more effectual way of purifying the faith and morals of an uncultivated people, than through these unbeneficed itinerants, or *poor priests*, as he termed them.

If it be asked, why, with so much wisdom, industry, virtue, and energy, the results of his labors fell so far short of those of Luther, we answer, that Wiclif did much more towards the Reformation than Luther did. When Wiclif appeared, the good seed had not yet been sown; Luther entered at once upon the whitened harvest-field. Men like Wiclif were essential to the Reformation; Luther was not so. Had not the *master* reaper appeared, the harvest would still have been reaped; but, had not the sower first gone forth, the reaper would have sharpened his sickle in vain.

Wiclif was the foe of ecclesiastical establishments, and denied the divine right of episcopacy. Had he been the agent in remodelling the ecclesiastical constitution of England, it would have been on the basis of independent Congregationalism. And the demolition of the hierarchy would have been speedily followed by the abrogation of hereditary privilege and royal prerogative, and the establishment of equal rights and a popular government. And Wiclif was a man who could have filled Cranmer's place without ever becoming the time-serving slave of royalty; and he would have been fully adequate to sway the counsels of the tyrant, and thus to *cause the wrath of man to praise God*.

Among the numerous works of Wiclif, his translation of the Bible is, of course, the most important. This was made directly from the Vulgate; and it does not appear, that,

though Professor of Divinity at Oxford, he understood the original languages of the Scriptures. His translation of the *beatitudes*, Mat. v. 3–12, will serve as a specimen at once of his version and of the English of the fourteenth century.

“Blessid be pore men in spirit; for the kyngdom of hevenes is herun. Blessid ben mylde men: for thei schulen weelde the erthe. Blessid ben thei that mournen: for thei schal be coumfortid. Blessid be thei that hungren and thirsten rightwisnesse: for thei schal be fulfilled. Blessid ben merciful men; for thei schal gete mercy. Blessid ben thei that ben of clene herte: for thei schulen se god. Blessid ben pesible men: for thei schulen be clepid goddis children. Blessid ben they that suffren persecucioun for rightwisnesse: for the kyngdom of hevenes is hern. Ye schul be blessid whanne men schul curse you, and schul pursue you: and schul seye al yvel agens you liynge for me. Joie ye and be ye glade: for your meede is plenteous in hevenes: for so thei han pursued also prophetis that weren bfore you.”

We will now give, as candidly as possible, the character of this, the latest biography of Wiclif. We commence with praise. It displays patient and laborious research, and is doubtless very accurate in its details. It gives correct views of the character and measures of the papal hierarchy, and generally does justice to the purity of Wiclif's motives and the excellence of his character, though we doubt whether it assigns a sufficiently high value to his talents and the results of his labors. It is in some parts eloquently written, and is throughout characterized by vivacity of style. But it has several great faults, which we will now enumerate.

In the first place, the author conceived a fell purpose to write a *sizable* volume. This he found a difficult task; for, though the subject is worthy of many volumes, the materials for the biography of Wiclif are very scanty. Mr. Le Bas, therefore, throws together nearly a hundred pages of prefatory matter in two chapters, entitled, “General View of the gradual Corruption of Christianity, to the Middle of the Fourteenth Century,” and “View of Christianity in England, to the Middle of the Fourteenth Century,” — which might seem at first to have an important bearing upon the subject of the volume, but which in fact consists of a series of declamatory paragraphs upon common-place topics, interspersed, in the second chapter, with a few biographical no-

tices, interesting in themselves, but having nothing to do with Wiclif. Then, in order to fill out the memoir, he keeps up a warfare offensive and defensive with Lingard, the Catholic historian, and Milner, who contests the orthodoxy of Wiclif's notions on justification; while he maintains at the same time a marginal skirmishing with Knighton, Walsingham, and a host of petty Catholic chroniclers. He then appends to the work what purports to be a history of the Wiclifites, but what in fact consists of a few meagre historical memoranda and some biographical sketches of renegade Wiclifites, in which (partly for want of other authorities, and partly from a manifest hostility to the denomination) he makes truce with Knighton and Walsingham, elevates them more frequently to a place in the text, and defends their testimony.

Our next objection to the book before us is, the inflated style in which it is written. Almost every epithet is an intense word. The sacred text in the author's hands is made, like charity, to *bear all things, and endure all things*. It supplies all manner of metaphors, gives point frequently to sanctimonious jokes and *double-entendres*, and on almost every page furnishes the most convenient to book-makers of all figures, — that whereby twelve or more words are made to do the office of one, — denominated by Dr. Blair, if we remember rightly, *circumlocution*. This fault of style is most apparent in the two prefatory chapters, in which the author's chief business is the multiplication of words; but it reappears in the subsequent narrative, wherever he escapes from the mere detail of dates, names, and facts.

But we have yet a more serious objection to this book on account of the bigotry which characterizes it. The author cannot forgive Wiclif for not having discerned in the Scriptures the divine right of episcopacy.

"It seems perfectly clear," says he, "that Wiclif did not consider the Episcopal order as at all essential to the legitimate constitution of a Christian Church. It is deeply to be deplored, that his powerful and independent mind, while he was rendering in pieces the cords of superstition, should have tamely surrendered itself to the captivity of this miserable prejudice. *Had it pleased him not to hoodwink his own knowledge*, he must have seen, clearly enough, how to dispose of his own objections. A divine like him can, surely, never have been ignorant, that from the time of the Apostles, to the days in which he

lived, no other form of government but the Episcopal had ever been known to the Christian Church; and he might have learned from his master, St. Augustine, that Aërius, the first person who ever thought of confounding bishops and presbyters, was judged to be a heretic for that opinion." pp. 299, 300.

And here we must pause to correct Mr. Le Bas. Aërius was not the first who confounded bishops and presbyters. St. Luke most unfortunately committed the same mistake. In the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, he represents Paul as sending for the *presbyters* of the church of Ephesus, and bidding them take heed to the flock over which the Holy Spirit had made them *bishops*.

Towards the close of the same chapter, our author congratulates himself and his countrymen, that Wiclif did not live at the time of the English reformation.

"Had Wiclif flourished in the sixteenth century, it can hardly be imagined that he would have been found under the banners of Cranmer and of Ridley. Their caution, their patience, their moderation, would scarcely have been intelligible to him; and rather than conform to it, he might, perhaps, have been ready, if needful, *to perish, in the gainsaying* of such men as Knox or Cartwright. At all events, it must plainly be confessed, that there is a marvellous resemblance between the Reformer, with his poor itinerant priests, and at least the better part of the Puritans, who troubled our Israel in the days of Elizabeth and her successors. The likeness is sufficiently striking, almost to mark him out as their prototype and progenitor: and therefore it is, that every faithful son of the Church of England must rejoice with trembling, that the work of her final deliverance was not consigned to him." p. 325.

Now we are not among the adversaries of episcopacy. We are aware that much may be said, and has been candidly and wisely said in favor of it. But we have no sympathy with a bigotry, which can wield the sword of the spirit (the use of which, we presume, was indicated by the italics in the above extract) against the unsullied fame of Knox, whose labors won a nation to reason and virtue, — simply because he derived his commission from Geneva, and not from Canterbury.

ART. III. — *Surgical Memoirs of the Campaigns of Russia, Germany, and France.* By Baron D. J. LARREY. Translated from the French, by JOHN C. MERCER, of Virginia, Student of Medicine. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 8vo. pp. 293.

BARON LARREY has passed through a long, arduous, and honorable career of professional services ; and the high posts that he latterly held under Napoleon, and the warlike genius of his master, afforded him ample fields both for the acquisition of knowledge and the display of it. The honors that he enjoyed were amply merited and worthily worn ; and his zeal in the exercise of his profession never abated. Even at the head of the medical staff of the great armies that invaded Russia, and afterwards fought in defence of their own territories against the assailing forces of Europe, charged as he was with the supervision and arrangement of all the hospitals, he labored assiduously night and day in the performance of operations, and the personal care of the wounded, and managed also to make notes of the occurrences of the campaigns, which greater leisure has now enabled him to present to the world. Of these the book before us is a translation.

The work is partly narrative and partly didactic ; the former portion giving an account of the course of the army that invaded Russia, during its progress to Moscow and during its retreat to Saxony, a relation of the campaign in Saxony, the last scene of Napoleon's foreign wars prior to his first abdication, and of the retreat from that country, and finally of the defensive operations in France, so far as the author was connected with them. Between the narrative of the campaign in Saxony and that of the retreat from it, the didactic part is somewhat abruptly introduced, without any particular connexion with the narrative, the parts of which it thus separates. Why this disposition of parts was made we are at a loss to conceive ; it may have been to suit the convenience and leisure of the author in the original publication ; but the translator would have shown more judgment by a departure from the arrangement, making an unbroken succession of narrative, and placing the didactic portion at the close.

The first narrative begins with the author's departure from Paris upon being appointed Surgeon in Chief of the great army, then assembling in the north for some unknown destination. Stopping occasionally on the way for the purpose of making arrangements, he arrived at Berlin, for several weeks the head-quarters, where he collected together all the surgeons of the army. During this stay he gave them lectures on military surgery, and obliged them to perform operations before him; thus laboring to prepare them in the most efficacious manner for the duties of the ensuing campaign. From Berlin the author moved with head-quarters successively to Frankfort on the Oder, to Posen, and to Thorn, during the stops made at each of these places, employing himself in improving the state of the hospitals, organizing and arranging the *ambulances*, and disciplining and instructing his assistants. The term *ambulances* is of late introduction into the nomenclature of military surgery, and if we recollect rightly, the objects which it designates were first introduced in their regular form by Larrey himself, or received the finish and harmony of their arrangement from him. Portable hospitals or surgeries express the meaning of the term as nearly as may be in English, as the ambulances constitute the medical force of the army. This force is divided into small bodies, each furnished with light wagons or carts, some conveying medicines, dressings, and surgical instruments, others provided with means of transportation for the wounded. Part are stationed in the rear of the army during an engagement, receiving, dressing, and transmitting the wounded to the hospitals, while others, called by way of distinction *flying ambulances*, with a less train, comprising little but the means of operating and dressing, patrol the field of battle itself, as near to the combatants as safety will permit, rendering such assistance as may be imperatively and immediately demanded. Indeed, in several instances recorded in this volume, and in others which we have seen elsewhere, the intrepid Larrey and his assistants performed their labors of humanity within reach of the enemy's fire, and at the great hazard of their own lives.

At Thorn only did the army of Napoleon first receive authentic information of its destination; and after the departure from this place commences the active portion of the narrative. It is carried on by designating the principal places

along the route and the points of any considerable conflict, the consequences of which made demands upon the peculiar department of the author. Of the places little or no description is given, the notice of them being limited mostly to remarks on the state of the hospitals, or the establishment of them, and of what they supplied for the use of the army. In like manner, the combats that took place are merely mentioned, or sketched in the slightest possible manner in their principal features, and the results of them, except those pertaining to the injuries of person or limb. The number of these injuries are stated, with the details of the nature and treatment of some of the cases of more than usual interest, and of the success attending the treatment. Notwithstanding all the care exercised by the head of the surgical staff in organizing his department, and keeping it in order, many privations were felt at an early period. Even before reaching Witepsk, in the battle that occurred in the vicinity of that city, much difficulty was found in getting the primary dressings for the wounded on the field of battle, so that the surgeons were obliged to make use of the linen of the soldiers for this purpose, and even of their own shirts. Shortly afterwards at Smolensk even these resources failed; and destitute of all proper and usual materials, the wounds were dressed with papers and parchment furnished by the archives of the city, and with the down of the white-birch. This want of supplies seems to have been occasioned by the falling behind of the baggage trains, since suitable supplies were afterwards received from the ambulances in the rear.

The author experienced a singular sensation upon entering, and while traversing, the vast plains in the midst of which Moscow is situated. We do not recollect ever to have met with an account of any thing similar. We will give his own words.

"We had scarcely crossed the last branch of the Dnieper at Dorogobouje, when I suddenly experienced all the symptoms of sea-sickness, such as frequent nausea, yawning, a sensation of being stunned, or vertigo, and vomiting. It appeared to me that I saw, at the immensurable limits of the horizon, a scintillation or trembling of the earth, which had an effect on my senses similar to that caused by the tossing of a vessel at sea. This illusion or these sensations were increased when I walked, — diminished when I mounted my horse, and almost totally

disappeared when I lay in a horizontal position. The latter was the most favorable position I could adopt. I labored under this indisposition, until my return to Smolensk. From what could it have originated? Was it an optical illusion, or an excess of sensibility in my organs, which received a deranged impression from the constant motion of the large bodies of individuals and objects, by which I was continually surrounded on these immense plains?"

It seems as if the causes suggested in the author's queries were the true ones, united however with that peculiar appearance which may be at any time noticed near the surface of a strongly heated body, and occasioned by the disturbed passage of the light through the currents of rarefied air ascending from it. A similar appearance may often be noticed in views of only moderate extent over a parched surface in summer, or a frozen or snowy one in winter. The effect is displeasing to any moderately sensitive eye, and where greatly prolonged, with the accompaniment of numerous objects in incessant motion, might well, in a case of somewhat excessive organic sensibility, produce effects like those described, by the operation of sympathies familiar to medical men.

As a further evidence of the straits to which the invading army was reduced, we give the following remarks, taken from among the details subsequent to the account of the battle of the Moskowa.

"The small quantity of bread and flour in our possession was soon consumed. Our wounded were reduced to the necessity of eating the flesh of the horse, potatoes, and the *stocks* [stalks] of cabbages. Charpie and linen for the dressings were wanting equally in almost every situation. The surgeons, the only consolers of these unfortunate men, were forced to wash personally, or cause to be washed in their presence, the linen that had already served as dressings, in order that they might be daily renewed."

At Moscow the author seems to have been much struck with the unexpected magnificence of the city, and is seduced by his admiration into a departure from the usual conciseness of his narrative upon all but professional topics. Still he says but little after all, compared with the usual length of travellers' descriptions; yet one passage betrays so much

unction, and at the same time such a want of discrimination, that we cannot forbear quoting it.

"The palace of the Emperors, that of the Senate, the archives, arsenal, and two very ancient temples occupied the remaining part of the Kremlin. These different structures of rich architecture presented a majestic appearance around the arsenal. An individual would imagine himself transported to the public square of ancient Athens, admiring in the one the Areopagus and temple of Minerva, in the other the Academy and Arsenal."

If any moderate imagination could have such a fancy as this, either ancient Athens or the Kremlin of Moscow must be widely different from any conception we have been able to form of them.

Of the miseries suffered by the French in consequence of the burning of Moscow and during their retreat, the author gives a much less graphic and detailed, and therefore much less appalling picture, than Labaume and other writers. As far, however, as this narrative goes, it confirms their statements, and in fact enables us to judge more accurately of what their sufferings must have been, by stating with exactness the degree of cold that was experienced. This, during the coldest days and nights, was from -20° to -28° , as indicated by a thermometer suspended to the author's button-hole for a few moments, equivalent to from -17° to -31° of Fahrenheit's scale. A bivouac in the open air of this temperature by troops destitute of proper clothing, and half famished, after marching all day through the snow, must present as much of suffering as can well be conceived of. Baron Larrey, however, remarks in several places, that the destructive effects of the cold were resisted far better by the soldiers from the warmer parts of Europe, of a dark complexion and sanguine temperament, than by those from Holland and Germany. In pursuing his reflections on the effect of cold upon the animal system, the author, by not confining himself within proper limits, is led to deny its tonic powers, and to attribute to it solely a sedative and stupefying influence. This error he commits by taking his instances from a relative or real excess of it, instead of from a moderate degree of it; an error not unfrequently to be found among theorists and reasoners on other subjects, who argue from abuse and ex-

cess against use and moderation. In fact, the author's notions, or at least his language, with regard to cold, are not altogether philosophically correct; since he speaks of "frigoric effluvia," of "the radiation of cold from ice," and of "emission of cold rays"; and his explanation of the action of restoring vitality to frozen limbs by rubbing them with snow or plunging them in cold water, is sadly confused.

Difficult as was his own situation in this retreat, struggling almost momentarily for the preservation of his own life, the author was still mindful of his professional duties, and seems as far as was possible, to have availed himself of every opportunity of discharging them. His zeal on one occasion nearly cost him his life, which in all probability was saved only by the personal attachment of the soldiers to his character and professional worth. The dreadful passage of the Berezina cannot fail to be remembered by those of our readers, who have perused any of the narratives of this campaign. The Baron having already passed the bridge in safety, repassed it again in spite of all the dangers and difficulties of the attempt, in order to secure the conveyance of some cases of surgical instruments needed in taking care of the wounded on the farther side. He again attempted to pass it through the dense crowd rushing towards it just before it broke down; confounded in the living and struggling mass, he was on the point of sharing the fate of hundreds and thousands of others in being trampled under foot, when he was fortunately recognised by some one near him. Forgetting for a moment their own fear and danger, all were ready to lend their aid to his rescue; he was raised above the crowd, and passed along on the uplifted hands of the soldiers, till he was placed in safety on the bridge. This incident is alike creditable to all; and the Baron observes, "such an evidence of attachment soon obliterated from my memory both the dangers to which I had been exposed, and the loss of my baggage."

The worst of our author's hardships terminated at Königsberg, where he arrived in the night on foot, leading by the bridle the only horse remaining in his possession, and worn down with famine and cold. Yet the next day found him actively employed in visiting the hospitals, organizing measures for their improvement, and giving directions for the management of the sick and wounded. His arrangements were hardly completed, before he was seized with a severe

fever, in common with many others, arising from the effects of long continued exhaustion combined with those of a return to warm rooms and plentiful nourishment. From this disease he with much difficulty recovered, and on the very day after that on which he left his bed for the first time during his illness, the retreat of the French from Königsberg commenced, and he was obliged to summon all his strength to accompany them. This he fortunately accomplished with safety, rejoining head-quarters at Elbing, and accompanying them in their successive retrograde movements to Saxony, where the memoir of the next campaign commences. In this campaign, and the subsequent one in France, we cannot follow the Baron; nor is it indeed necessary, after the account we have already given of the campaign in Russia, since in their general character the narratives are similar, though the latter ones abound far less in personal incident and interest, than that of the eventful invasion of Russia. While the armies of Napoleon kept the field against the allies, the Baron was ever to be found accompanying head-quarters, and attentive to those duties which have made his name so illustrious and so beloved.

The didactic portion of the book comprises memoirs and reflections on the following important subjects, viz. Wounds of the Throat, Wounds of the Thorax, Wounds of the Abdomen, Wounds of the Bladder, Wounds of the Arteries and Aneurisms, the actual Cautery in the treatment of diseases of the Spine, Hip, &c., Amputation of the Arm at the Shoulder-joint, and Wounds of the Head and Causes of Abscesses in the Liver following some of these Lesions. It is not our purpose to enter into any minute analysis of these papers, such a labor belonging more properly to a strictly professional work; and we shall therefore content ourselves with a few remarks of a general nature, indicating our sense of their value, and bearing upon some leading traits of the difference of professional character in different countries.

In anatomy, and in the performance of the operations of surgery, the French have deservedly a high reputation; yet in some respects, both in the theory and in treatment, the French school of surgery seems to be inferior to the English, which includes also the profession in this country. A striking instance is furnished in the work before us, in some of the details of the operations for aneurisms. Not-

withstanding English experience, ever since the days of John Hunter, has established, as appears to us incontestably, both the safety and advantages in these cases of isolating the artery to as small an extent as possible, and of securing it by a single moderately sized and firm ligature, the French surgeons seem afraid to trust to it, and cannot bring themselves to believe that the patient is in safety, unless some sort of cylindrical compress is included along with the artery in the ligature, so as to flatten its sides; a mode of operating more difficult and less secure, from the greater necessary separation of the artery from its natural connexions, and from the irritation of a greater mass of foreign substance in the bottom of the wound made by the operation. Our author we perceive gives up the use of the additional lax ligature long employed by the French under the most inappropriate name of "*ligature of safety*"; *ligature of danger* would far more fitly express its character.

The French also seem very imperfectly to appreciate the value of procuring union by the *first intention*, in the dressing of amputations and in wounds of considerable extent, preferring to interpose charpie between the flaps, and bring them into a state of suppuration before attempting to form a union; thus accomplishing it by the *second intention*, at the expense of much additional pain and trouble, and even some increase of risk to the patient. Baron Larrey, after performing the operation of amputation of the arm at the shoulder-joint, if we understand his description rightly, dresses the wound in such a manner as to favor union by the first intention, and the remarkable final success, and little subsequent illness of the patients, in numerous cases that he has recorded in this volume, must, we think, if rightly understood, prove a strong argument to his countrymen for the goodness of the mode, and a strong inducement to extend its application to all possible cases. That the success should have been so great as reported, seems indeed wonderful, since it is stated, that many, who underwent this operation during the retreat, immediately commenced their march homeward, and arrived in safety after constant fatigue and travelling, their wounds healing by the way, notwithstanding the want of regular dressing, and even in some cases without any dressing at all being done during the journey. The account given by Larrey of the manner in which he found stumps

dressed after amputation by the Saxon surgeons, almost exceeds our power of belief, though we have no reason to doubt the correctness of his statement. Still we have from time to time seen many eulogiums on the strictness of professional education in Germany, and the pains taken to procure ample instruction and competent skill in the healing art, amounting even, as it appeared, to an absolute necessity of procuring these on the part of an individual, before he could receive employment from government, or even be permitted to practise among the citizens. After all this we were not prepared to find, that the surgeons of the army in any part of that country should be so barbarously ignorant, as, according to the Baron's statement, to dress a stump after amputation without taking up the arteries, and to trust, for the prevention of hemorrhage, to confining the flaps tightly by means of stitches through them in addition to the forcible pressure of external dressings. That in the cases he saw, this did prevent the hemorrhage, we have the Baron's testimony, but that it produced the result he witnessed, that is, gangrene, we do not wonder at all; nay, we should marvel if this were not very frequently or almost invariably the case. Such a mode of treatment seems little preferable to that adopted in some countries of the East, where a foot is summarily removed by the scimitar of the executioner, and the stump dressed in a manner equally summary, by being thrust on the instant into a piece of bamboo of suitable size and length, filled with warm, soft pitch, or some similar resinous substance; thus at once not only effectually stopping the bleeding, but providing the patient with a wooden supporter for future use in case of his recovery. It is to be hoped that such surgery is not very common in Germany, or we shall begin to distrust the boasted merits of German education. Men who know no better than to do this, might as well have been employed during their noviciate in studying the Categories of Aristotle, as the Institutes of Medicine and Surgery, as it regards any practical skill they seem to have derived from their labors. The treatment for union by the first intention is here pushed to a lamentable excess.

Most of these Memoirs seem to be in extension and confirmation, or in illustration, of remarks made on the same subjects in the author's former campaigns, to which frequent references are made. Those bearing most of the appearance

of new productions are the Essay on Abscesses of the Liver subsequent to injuries of the head, and on the use of Actual Cautery in diseases of the Hip and of the Spine. He discusses at considerable length, and with ability, the cause of the formation of these abscesses, chiefly laboring negatively, that is, to prove that they are not, as has been contended by some, the consequence of injury inflicted immediately upon the liver, in its substance, by the blows upon the head, constituting a reverberative injury, if we may use the expression as equivalent to the French "*contrecoup*." He appears to make his position good in this respect; but when he comes to his own opinion of the cause, we can by no means follow him to its extent. His position here is, that disease in the liver takes place from sympathetic irritation in consequence of the inflammation of the fibrous membranes of the cranium, and the determination towards this viscus of the ichorous miasm, or a fluid more or less acrid and subtile. So far as to the statement that abscess takes place in these instances in consequence of sympathetic irritation from the inflammation specified, we can agree with the author, observing however, that we consider this expression of "arising" from sympathy as amounting to nothing more than a statement of the ultimate fact, that the subsequent does so follow upon the primary injury, that it seems to stand to it in the relation of effect to cause, which is about all that medical men really know or can properly designate concerning sympathy, a term of frequent use, and, with many, of almost as frequent abuse. The "ichorous miasm," and the "fluid more or less acrid and subtile," are entirely assumptions of the author, things of the existence of which he has not any knowledge, and cannot have any. This part of the position may therefore be discarded as untenable, amounting to an apparently learned and scientific way of saying, that the manner in which the sympathetic irritation is produced is at the very best merely conjectural, or, in plain language, a thing of which we are altogether ignorant.

• In his treatment of disease of the hip and of the spine, the principles of which he borrowed, as he candidly confesses, from Pott, we think that he errs in giving so great a preference as he does to the actual cautery by moxa over the potential cautery, by potass, as recommended by that eminent surgeon. We do not wish to be understood as by any

means undervaluing the moxa, but we think the potass in some respects preferable ; it is less likely to alarm a timid patient than the former, and it is certainly possessed of ample powers in controlling the disease. The chief objection our author seems to make is to the profuse suppuration which he states it to occasion ; now this is by no means a necessary consequence of its use, since it may easily be so managed as to occasion a very superficial eschar, attended with but slight discharge and quickly healing ; and we are by no means prepared to admit, that in the generality of cases a moderate suppurative discharge is not beneficial to the internal state of disease.

In explaining the progress and stages of disease of the hip-joint, Baron Larrey differs from many high authorities, with regard to what is called the spontaneous luxation of the head of the femur. This luxation he thinks never takes place, except as the effect of some mechanical violence done to the limb, instead of being produced by the action of its own muscles without the aid of such intervening cause. His ample experience undoubtedly attaches much weight to his opinion in this matter, and he may be right ; but others of high repute have thought differently, and from an examination of the probabilities and possibilities of the occurrence, founded on the state of the articular ligaments and cartilages as admitted by both parties, we do not see why it might not in some cases happen without the accession of any thing like "a fall or violent blow operating on the extremity of the bone," though such violence would undoubtedly much promote the occurrence of the luxation.

It appears also, that the Baron, in treating the abscesses accompanying these affections, might with advantage take a lesson from a late celebrated successor of Mr. Pott, as to the manner of opening them, when that operation becomes necessary. We certainly cannot see the advantage of employing for this purpose a knife heated to a white heat ; a simple cutting instrument is fully disagreeable enough to the generality of patients. The irritation occasioned by the admission of air into the cavity of the abscess is much to be deprecated ; and though this may be prevented at the time by drawing out the contents by means of cupping-glasses, yet unless immediate union takes place between the sides of the cavity, it seems as if a sloughing opening, such as must be

made by a heated knife, would be extremely likely to occasion such an admission, as well as to irritate the internal surfaces, in addition, by the extension of its own morbid action. The plan of a valvular or oblique opening, to be immediately healed by the first intention, seems far preferable.

Notwithstanding the strictures that we have made upon some points of practice and doctrine that seem to us defective or erroneous, we are by no means disposed to condemn the work before us; on the contrary we think it one of much value, one which will be read by professional men with interest, containing much good information in its details, and affording many illustrations of the effects of injuries and results of treatment that cannot fail to be instructive, besides numerous useful and important remarks of the author. Even the things of which we have spoken in terms of censure, are not to be imputed to him as individual errors, since they belong to the school in which he was educated, and to his compeers as well as to himself. In the manipulations of operations, it is said by competent judges, that the French are fully equal to the English as to the real merits of the operation, and excel them in what may be called brilliancy of execution; in some of the principles by which the nature of operations should be guided, they are behind them, and more particularly so in the after treatment.

This work, as stated at the head of this article, is a translation by a medical student. We think he has done an acceptable service to the profession by his labors, and has undoubtedly contributed to his own improvement at the same time. The manner of the translation is tolerably good in general, though in many expressions we recognise the idioms of the original language; and we think the translator has occasionally failed in rendering accurately his author's meaning, since we perceived in perusing the work several contradictions of thought in consecutive sentences, or in parts of the same sentence, and now and then a phrase too confused to convey to us any very clear idea of its import. In case of a future edition we would recommend to him a careful revision of his labor, and in the mean time an attentive consideration of the structure and force of his native language, as well as a farther examination of the niceties of Gallic phraseology.

ART. IV. — *The Naturalist, devoted to Natural History, Chemistry, Domestic and Rural Economy, Manufactures, and the Arts.* Edited by D. J. BROWNE, assisted by eminent Literary and Scientific Men. Boston. 1832. 8vo.

AMONG the multitude of ephemeral writings of the present day, affording to a vitiated taste morsels and crumbs of information, pleasing it may be, but of little nourishment, may be ranked the above work. An entire volume has already issued from the press; and the indefatigable collector of extracts, encouraged by the success of his publication as witnessed by the "highest encomiums from critical and competent judges, and a general share of patronage," continues to send forth his monthly Numbers. "He will not only present to his readers valuable *original* communications from practical and scientific writers," (he informs us in his Prospectus for 1832) aided, no doubt, in his arduous undertaking by the labors of "eminent literary and scientific men," but, forsooth, "will make such extracts from European and American journals as will promote his ultimate object," viz. the dissemination of scientific knowledge in the cheapest possible form, as we are also given to understand. "We are, however, sorely puzzled to discover in the volume before us, these invaluable original communications, unless they may be unconnected extracts from Cyclopædias and Dictionaries, or works with which the public are already well acquainted, or perhaps from some new "Discourse on the Forest Trees of the United States."

Now we would seriously advise our "Naturalist" to betake himself more to the fields and groves, and less to worn out and ridiculous theories of book-making pedants, in the search after original matter. Is he desirous of possessing not only the name but the acquisitions of a naturalist? A White of Selborne, or a Knapp, in his pursuits; or, still nearer home, a Wilson and an Audubon, may be proper subjects for imitation.

As our "Naturalist," in giving his book to the public, solicits any suggestion for its improvement, we would direct his attention to the introductory remarks in Montagu's "Ornithological Dictionary," to which indeed he seems more indebted than to Nature's volume for sundry observations on Ornithology. Especially let him read the following passage.

“‘That the principal aim of a naturalist ought to be to multiply observations,’ is laid down as a leading rule by M. Levaillant, one of the *very few*, who have preferred reading the page of Nature in the woods and fields to the inferior study of cabinets and books : and hence he was stigmatized as another enthusiastic and genuine observer, Audubon, is at present, by cabinet naturalists, as a romancer unworthy of credit. ‘Theories,’ adds M. Levaillant, ‘are more easy and more brilliant than observations ; but it is by *observation alone* that science can be enriched ; while a single fact is frequently sufficient to demolish a system.’” p. vii.

Again ; an ingenious and observing naturalist, in the same Introduction, says, “Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the difference between the closet fancies of mere book-naturalists and the actual facts, which any body who will be at the trouble of observing may verify, than the following passage from the highly lauded article ‘Ornithology’ in Rees’s Cyclopædia. ‘Birds of the same species,’ says the author, ‘collect the same materials, arrange them in the same manner, and make choice of similar situations for fixing the places of their temporary abode. Wherever they dispose themselves, they always take care to be accommodated with a shelter ; and if a natural one does not offer itself, they very ingeniously make a covering of a double row of leaves, down the slope of which the rain trickles, without entering into the little opening of the nest that lies concealed below.’ Now I would remark, that the author, in asserting that ‘birds’ (meaning birds in general) ‘take care to be accommodated with a shelter,’ entirely forgets the numerous families which lay their eggs on the bare ground, and often even leave them exposed the greater part of the day on the sands of the desert, the sea-beach, or isolated rocks ; but we further learn, that ‘they’ (meaning all birds) ‘make a covering of a double row of leaves.’ Yet so far from all birds doing this, I am unacquainted with an individual species that do so.” p. xv. See also *Naturalist*, Vol. ii. No. v. p. 156.

We are fully aware that in the present age of improvements, the human species has rather surpassed “wisdom” who, dwelling with “prudence,” found the “knowledge of witty inventions.” Yet it is, notwithstanding, somewhat singular that a work devoted to Natural History can embrace among its subjects the Manufactures and the Arts. Gilbert

White has indeed divulged the mysteries of making rush candles ; yet, with this exception, his modest inquiries into the natural productions of his little parish did not extend to its statistics. The "Journal of a Naturalist" delights us with new and interesting observations on the most trite and common objects of nature, (trite and common only, because heedlessly passed by and neglected,) without entering into the manufacture of silk, or describing the ingenuity of the machinist. If Natural History does indeed consist in details of improvements in the arts, the economy of civilization, in entertaining but untrue assertions, rather than in the observation and knowledge of the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Cause, — the student need no longer trace that path, which, from the days of Pliny to the present, has been trod in the pursuit of natural science ; when the village newspaper can give him all necessary information, a lecture at a Lyceum in one short hour initiate him into its arcana, or his primary school books and daily conned lesson satisfy his most ardent thirst for knowledge.

The effects of all such popular works, then, must be clearly seen, and cannot be too much deprecated. Natural science already holds but a secondary rank in our country. We have indeed great and eminent students of Nature, of which any country might be proud ; but if they are to be properly estimated and their labors rewarded by public respect, that public must better understand the nature of their pursuits. While the present taste holds in full derision the theory of systems and the results of patient research, in making science entertaining and popular rather than useful it falls into a worse and lamentable error. Fables may amuse, and stories of instinct, almost equalling mature reason, may delight the credulous and unreflecting ; but nature consists not in absurdities, nor does her investigation lead to miracles.

ART. V. — *Two Lectures on Political Economy, delivered at Clinton Hall before the Mercantile Library Association of the City of New York.* By WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE. New York. G. & C. & H. Carvill. 1832. 8vo. pp. 72.

THE first of these Lectures gives some general and desultory account of the various writers on political economy, and states some of the doctrines of the school of free trade. The second Lecture professes to be an epitome of the system of Ricardo. The Lectures are dedicated to Mr. Gallatin, as one of the leaders of the school of which the author is a disciple. He premises that it is a mistake to speak of theory as opposed to practice or facts; so that it is no objection to the doctrines of free trade to say that they are theoretical. This is nothing more than a criticism on the use of words; for those who make this objection mean not merely to say that the doctrines of free trade are general propositions comprehending numerous facts, that is, that they are laws which govern economical phenomena; but they doubtless mean to say that these doctrines are either inapplicable or contradictory to facts and experience. Whether this is a correct application of *theory* and *theoretical* seems to be a question belonging to philology rather than to economy.

Mr. Lawrence then proceeds to say that this science was suggested by the Greeks and Romans, though he quotes the German Heeren, in praise of the free-trade policy of Athens, in regard to commerce, and exemption from what he denominates the "regulating mania." He considers Seneca's maxim, "If you would become rich, do not increase your possessions, but diminish your desires," as very anti-economical. The middle ages produced no treatises on this science; the barons oppressed their subjects; the restrictive system has caused much bloodshed; the colonial policy is pernicious; the balance of trade is an illusion. Munn [or Mun], Child, North, and some other early English writers on economical subjects, said some sensible things, but the Italians claim the glory of discovering or inventing this science; which, however, Mr. Lawrence does not consider as having been promulgated until the publication of the "*Wealth of Nations*." According to Mr. Lawrence many splendid

truths have been discovered since Smith's time. To say nothing of Lombardy, as it was governed two centuries ago, Geneva furnishes an illustration of the excellent practical effects of free trade. Some merchants in London heretofore made a memorial in favor of free trade. The English corn-laws are not in the least prejudicial to the United States; for if those laws did not exist, the corn would be supplied by Poland, Denmark, &c., and not by the United States.

Mr. Lawrence considers the French government as no better an economist than are those of England and the United States, and absolutely inferior to the present government of Geneva in this respect. Among the continental European writers on economy, none, says Mr. Lawrence, "as far as I am aware, has duly appreciated or developed the great discoveries of the last few years." These great discoveries are enumerated in the catalogue of the doctrines of free trade given in the second Lecture, as the author understands them to have been developed by the "discriminating judgment of a Ricardo." These doctrines are familiar to most readers of the newspapers; — such, for example, as, that labor is the source of wealth; though we believe that this is an ancient doctrine, it being mentioned in the book of Genesis as the denunciation of Jehovah; "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And in the "Works and Days" of Hesiod, and in the "Georgics" of Virgil, it is strongly implied that man must labor in order to secure a good crop. Even the modern enthusiasts concerning the perfectibility of human nature, though they have gone so far as to predict, that, at some future day, a plough being let loose in the field will, without a team or a ploughman, furrow the whole of it though ever so large, have never gone so far as to exonerate men from making the plough. This doctrine cannot therefore be considered as one of the great discoveries made "within the last ten years" in England, which has not yet spread to Germany and the other parts of the Continent.

It is another maxim that capital is "accumulated labor," which is only a poetical expression; much as if one should say that a garner containing fifty bushels of corn contained "an accumulation of fifty days' work" of a man, or a hundred and fifty days' work of a boy or a factory-girl. This

particular phrase is a modern discovery, though the meaning was not wholly unknown to the ancients themselves, since Jacob undoubtedly considered Rachel to be worth seven years' hard labor, though he might never have thought of calling her an accumulation of so much labor.

It is another doctrine, discovered or invented by Mr. M'Culloch we believe, that, if an indestructible machine could be invented for which there could be no substitute, and if only a certain number of the same kind could be made, and that number were already made, and if this machine would with the help of a little labor turn out a certain quantity of goods, and if the price of the labor should rise, and the value or market price of the machine should not rise, then the owner of the machine would make a proportionably greater profit on his goods than another manufacturer who should not use such a machine, but should employ laborers instead of it. This is what some object to as a theoretical doctrine; first, because no such machine can be invented; secondly, because, if it could be, there would be very likely to be some substitute; thirdly, because the machine would not be limited, so that if more were needed, the value of those already in use would be determined by the cost of making a new one, and if the income from the use of one should increase, new ones would be made, and the cost of them would depend on the rate of wages of persons employed to make them; fourthly, because if fewer were wanted than were already made, or if the income from the use of one were reduced, its value would be very likely to fall. In fine, as long as the value of the machine is affected by the demand for its use and the cost of making another, which will always happen, not only in respect to a machine, but also in respect to a water-fall or a piece of land, the case supposed by this doctrine can never occur.

Another "great discovery" is Ricardo's doctrine of rent, namely, that the bushel of wheat, rye, Indian corn, barley, or the ton of hay, or hundred weight of beef or pork, produced within the limits of any territory on the second piece of ground used for such production, costs more labor, and yields less net profit or proportional excess of value over the cost, than that produced on the first piece used for the same purpose; or at least this is the case with the hundredth or thousandth, or some other piece, brought into use, in com-

parison with the preceding pieces used for a like purpose. This raises the question, to what extent it is for the interest and welfare of a nation to carry its cultivation, or what quantity of provisions and materials it is best on the whole to produce on a given territory. This is a question of great practical importance in legislation as well as in farming; but we believe that the work neither of Ricardo, nor of M'Culloch, nor of Smith, nor of any other writer of the same school will be found to throw much light on the subject; so that the theory has as yet been a very sterile one. Its only use is to lead to an inquiry which had been before suggested by a thousand considerations, and pursued a thousand times, and which this theory has not helped to answer; but only to make many professed economists satisfied without attempting to answer it.

Another "great discovery," made by Mr. Say we believe, is, that there cannot be a general glut, that is, a superabundance of all marketable things. The state of the markets throughout the world, in 1818 and afterwards, staggered the professors of this theory; but still they reassert it as positively as before, though the fact that there was then in the markets a greater quantity of every sort of vendible thing than was demanded for consumption or use seems to remain undisputed, with the exception perhaps of some things of inconsiderable value or importance.

Mr. Lawrence broaches a new doctrine himself, namely, that our charters of corporation for all kinds of objects, which every body knows to be only a limited species of copartnerships, are "monopolies." This is only using the word *monopoly* in a new and unauthorized sense.

Our author speaks much of the American tariff of duties; and from the tenor of these Lectures he appears to think it prejudicial to the interests of the country; and he even intimates in one place that we ought to buy all manufactures of England. "Countries," says he, "in the condition of the United States and Great Britain might thus be made, by a free interchange of raw and manufactured commodities, to assume towards one another the mutually beneficial relations of country and town; and the decline of profits in the latter [former is probably meant] be postponed till the banks of the Columbia are cultivated to the same degree as those of the Thames." p. 57. That is, as we understand the lecturer,

we should not introduce the various arts and manufactures, until the whole of our territory beyond, as well as on this side of the Rocky Mountains shall be a garden; — which would be putting off the making of hats, shoes, clothes, &c., to a very late period; but how profits would be, in the mean time, thereby sustained, the author does not show. Besides, in another part of his Lectures, he says, that manufactures would have sprung up in precisely those parts of the country where they are now established, if there had been no tariff; from which two inferences it seems to follow, — first, that profits could not be sustained five or six centuries to come, by postponing the introduction of arts and manufactures, and secondly, that the tariff cannot have done us much injury, as it has only brought us to the point at which we should otherwise have arrived. And as Mr. Lawrence admits that profits in various branches of business tend to equality, it follows that manufacturers do not make worse profits than others, after their business has been a short time introduced; and every body knows that on its first introduction, they generally make less profits than others. Their profits now, therefore, do not exceed what they would have been if no tariff had protected them. Thus, according to Mr. Lawrence's positions, the present rate of duties has now no injurious effect.

ART. VI. — *Lectures to Female Teachers on School-Keeping*. By S. R. HALL. Boston. Richardson, Lord, & Holbrook. 1832. 18mo. pp. 180.

THIS is, like the former similar work of the same author, a very sensible book, excellently adapted to the end designed; but much more plain, simple, and brief, so as to deserve rather the title of *Hints* than of *Lectures*. We like it the better perhaps on this account. There are no words wasted, no spinning out of sentences and paragraphs for the sake of showing how well the writer can string words together. Mr. Hall says what he has to say, and seems to have no notion that there is any thing else to be done. How many huge tomes would be reduced to the size of this modest little volume, if the same method of composition had been pursued in them. It is perhaps sometimes carried too far in

the present case ; but there is so much of ambitious writing, and we are so fatigued with the empty elaborateness of a thousand petty treatise-makers, who fancy they must always say all that can be said in the most full and sonorous way, that we are prepared to esteem this brevity of expression as a great and refreshing virtue.

We doubt not also that it will render the book more serviceable to those for whom it is intended. They will be able to get directly at the kernel, without being delayed to witness the unravelling of the husk and admire its curious texture and beautiful convolutions. We hope and trust that pains will be taken to make the book known to those whom it most concerns. School committees ought to feel that they will discharge an important duty by placing a copy in the hands of every female teacher, and urging upon her to study it as a manual and guide. As the author very properly suggests, "it is designed not merely to be *read*, but to be *studied*." It may also be made a daily manual during the time devoted to teaching." This could not be done without a speedy and certain improvement in our summer schools. It would greatly promote the comfort of the teachers, many of whom are now obliged to grope on their way, guessing from step to step, having never received any instruction concerning the duties of their profession, and therefore unsuccessful and dissatisfied. It would be equally favorable to the happiness and advancement of the children ; for they too, subjected, in so many instances, to incompetent instruction and a government carried on by conjecture and caprice rather than principle, are made to learn but little, and to suffer a great deal. When the judicious and kind methods described by Mr. Hall shall have been adopted, the teacher and the taught will cease to be the enemies of each others' peace ; the school-room will become as delightful as the playground ; and the boasts which we have been accustomed to make of the New-England school system will no longer be ridiculous.

We have had our occasional misgivings when we have contemplated the mania concerning education which has seized the present age. We have trembled lest the zeal for reformation should be carried too far ; lest the multitude of experiments in new systems and new books, in plans and treatises and institutions, in Lyceums and Institutes and As-

sociations and Seminaries, should create at last an inextricable confusion, and fairly overlay the whole concern. There are at this day more societies in the country for the promotion of education, than there were twenty years ago for all the various objects of public interest; and more works concerning it are issued annually from the press, than at that time appeared on all other subjects. But, after all, multiplied as schemes and projects have been, we do not know whether there has yet been any good ground for apprehension. If some forth-putting persons have attempted rash and doubtful things, yet so generally has the subject been under the control of discreet men, that foolish measures have been nullified, and few changes introduced but such as are salutary. The general current is unquestionably setting toward substantial improvement; and we are willing to indulge the best hopes from the discussions which are so industriously carried on. It is particularly pleasant to observe that there has been less of a spirit of party, and a more single-minded pursuit of the true and the useful, than is often witnessed in extensive movements of reform. And so long as the friends of education shall conduct their inquiries and frame their improvements in this manner, so long nothing but good may be augured from their efforts.

The department to which Mr. Hall has devoted himself, that of the preparation of teachers, is not one of the least important of the improvements suggested in these later days. It is wonderful that the world should have gone on so long thinking it necessary to fit men for every other sort of business but that of instruction. It has required seven years' learning before one could be trusted to make a table or a shoe; but any one was deemed adequate to teaching a school. We can answer for one instance at least, in which a poor Junior from college was commissioned to instruct and govern eighty-five rude boys and girls of various ages, with about as much knowledge of what a school and a schoolmaster ought to be, as of the state of society and government in the planet Mars. We are pretty sure that neither boy nor girl was the wiser for his administration. How large a proportion of our village seminaries are thus supplied, we can not presume to say; the tone of Mr. Hall's books leads us to suppose, that, in his opinion, the cases are many. And, as we said, there is nothing amongst the projects of the day more likely to effect a

desirable improvement and ensure the necessary advancement in the education of the people, than the efforts which are making to prepare teachers, to instruct, to train, and to qualify them for this profession, by some discipline as systematic and direct as that by which practitioners are introduced to the other liberal callings. In this department Mr. Hall's books are adapted to do eminent good. The one before us, consists of twelve Lectures addressed to the young women who have charge of the summer schools in the country. It is designed to impress upon them a sense of the importance of their office, and the duty of devoting their whole time and strength to it. It describes the nature of their duties; the qualifications requisite to the successful discharge of them; and the things which disqualify them for the employment; and gives explicit directions respecting the mode of governing and of teaching. The following passage shows something of the tone and character of the work, and will serve for its recommendation better than any thing which we can add.

"3. Endeavour to make the school a pleasant and delightful place to children.

"I shall be met here, very probably, with the remark, This is impossible under some, if not under all circumstances. I am not, however, disposed to admit this, for the following among many reasons.

"1. Schools which have for a long time been entirely uninviting to children, have, in a single month, been transformed into places of the highest pleasure by the well-directed efforts of the teacher. 2. It does not require greater resources, than all of you have at command, to provide for the entertainment and amusement of children at school. 3. The strong desire which the young manifest for each other's society, will be sufficient to make them happy in being collected together, provided there is nothing repulsive in the teacher, or school-room.

"But how can we, under all circumstances, make the school for young scholars pleasant? I reply, 1. Be pleasant and kind yourselves. No direction is more important than this; for where is the child who does not love to be in the presence of a kind and affectionate friend? 2. Show that you are pleased, when the members of the school are made happy, and that to secure this, is a prominent object in all the arrangements you make. 3. Use as much exertion as is practicable for the convenience of the scholars. 4. Make every reasonable effort to

ornament the school-room, and render it comfortable, neat, and elegant. 5. Procure as many attracting objects as is possible, such as cards, — pictures, — specimens in botany, and geology or mineralogy. 6. Invite the *children* to join in furnishing those things which are designed for their amusement. 7. Let the studies be made intelligible and interesting, and the mode of teaching be such, as to throw a charm around every thing connected with the acquisition of knowledge. And if you find children after this who prefer home or idleness and play, to the attractions of the school-room, I have only to say that you will be surrounded by a class of children very different from any I have ever found." pp. 101, 102.

We presume that all this would be counted rank heresy at Eton and Westminster, and trust that pains will be taken to prevent those sage seminaries of the rod and birch from seeing a volume which would only convince them that the Americans are relapsing into barbarism.

We are sorry to say that the volume is dishonored by some censurable negligences and improprieties of diction. We insist upon it that writers, for whatever class of readers and for a purpose however humble or temporary, should allow themselves in no expressions which are not strictly accurate and pure. It is a matter of consequence, and we hold a reviewer's rod for all who practically think otherwise. We observe the word *learn* used instead of *teach*, page 77, and again, by a correspondent of the author, page 149. On page 159, immediately under the direction, printed in small capitals, "MAKE EVERY THING INTELLIGIBLE TO THE PUPIL," we were amused to find the following note: "For further directions on teaching grammar, I wish to refer teachers of summer schools to Mr. RAND's excellent little work, recently published." Is this making a thing intelligible? We should like to be in a bookseller's shop where some bashful country school-mistress next spring shall inquire for "*Mr. Rand's excellent little work, recently published.*" Who can tell that she would not carry home a book on the new divinity, or some legal tractate of our friend the counsellor?

ART. VII. — *Elements of Logic, comprising the Substance of the Article in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana: with Additions, &c.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., Principal of St. Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. From the Fourth London Edition. New York. William Jackson. 1832. pp. xlii and 335.

O THAT there were some universal specific to heal all the infirmities of language and the disorders of the understanding! So prays the logician and the intellectual philosopher, when their spirits are sorely vexed in their inquiries after truth; little thinking at the moment, that a favorable answer to their prayers, would be fatal to them as philosophers, unless their transcendental dreams should be accomplished by their own genius and invention. Still such must have been the prayer of the great Bacon in his glimmering presentiment of a perfect language; of Des Cartes when he proposed "an arrangement of the thoughts of the human mind, such as naturally subsists among numbers"; of Hartley when he looked forward, as among the possible things, to that intellectual millenium, in which mankind might become "possessed of such a language that they could at pleasure denote all their conceptions without any deficiency, superfluity, or equivocation"; and of Wilkins,* who, as he himself supposed, made actual advances towards the execution of a project "to establish a Real Universal Character that should not signify words, but things and notions, and consequently might be legible by men of any nation in their own tongue." But while these beautiful visions have passed away, logicians and metaphysicians are still busily at work, sometimes advancing new theories and trying new processes, and sometimes going back to old ones, till some one, as if

* This learned English prelate married Cromwell's sister; but the Pretender did not belong to the philological school of the Divine, whose object it was to provide an infallible remedy for *equivocal language*; nor did the Divine trouble his head with politics, being of a pacific character, and searching constantly into the arcana of theology, physics, and philology. The work which is alluded to above, is entitled "*Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language.*" It now lies, a large folio, mingled with that huge mass "of reading, which is never read."

born and fated to blast all hopes of progress in intellectual philosophy, finds that the whole labor of two thousand and two hundred years is swallowed up in the all-comprehensive, all-devouring *categories*,* and *dictums*, and *figures*, and *modes* of Aristotle.

The work before us savours a good deal of the old school of philosophy; but the author, with the frankness becoming a man of genuine learning and science, acknowledges his obligations to all from whom he has derived assistance; indeed so scrupulous and unsparing is he in this respect, that he would seem to a careless reader to attach less value to his own labors, or leave a less amount of his own work, than what actually belongs to him.

We were not prepared to find as we do by the author's Preface, that Logic is so much neglected at Oxford University, which, with whatever modifications might have taken place, we had supposed to be still, more than any other place of education, the seat of Aristotelian sway. But Dr. Whately's confessions open to us a far different state of things. He admits, however reluctantly, "that a very small proportion, even of distinguished students, ever become proficient in Logic; and that by far the greater part pass through the University without knowing any thing at all of the subject. I do not mean, he says "that they have not learned by rote a string of technical terms; but that they understand absolutely nothing whatever of the principles of the science." *Preface*, p. xvii.

* One may now resort to the categories or predicaments of Aristotle a little more boldly than could our predecessors, a hundred years ago, when Pope, Arbuthnot, and Swift, joined their wits to bring pedantry and scholastic jargon into discredit, in their "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." The great Cornelius Scriblerus, who thought that the "rules of Logic were spectacles to a purblind understanding," was obliged to give Martin, whose "understanding was immersed in sensible objects," illustrations from material things. "Thus calling up the coachman he asked him what he had seen in the Bear-garden. The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a sergeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the sergeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the sergeant wounded the butcher in the leg. Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the predicaments. *Men*, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; sergeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *situs*; stage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*."

This lamented state of things existed too after the University had taken Logic under special protection, "making it, regardless of the clamors of many of the half-learned, an indispensable part of the Examination for the first Degree." Our author, indeed, thinks that the operation of this measure has been unfavorable, and proposes as a better course that the study of logic should be made optional to those who are candidates merely for a degree, but that it should be made requisite for the obtaining of academic honors. He considers it as a matter settled by experience, that, in regard to a study required of all, the standard soon becomes very low among the greater number; but the examination on logic as a study prescribed for those who are candidates for academic honors might be made a strict one, and thus the study being "ennobled," proficiency in it would come to be esteemed an honorable distinction.

Dr. Whately defines Logic "as the science and the art of reasoning; a science, in its most appropriate office, that of instituting an analysis of the process of the mind in reasoning, and an art, in reference to the practical rules for securing the mind from error in its deductions." He pronounces Aristotle, though not perfect, to be the only writer on Logic who has perceived and constantly preserved its boundaries; in a word, as a philosopher with whom the system began and ended. It should seem that most of his successors have done little else than corrupt what was simple as it came from his hands, and, in attempting to follow out and extend it, have produced nothing but confusion and mystery. Thus it is, according to our author's views, that we now apply to the study of logic under disadvantages, prejudices, and false notions; so that (as one of the great Roman rhetoricians remarked concerning his own art) the modern pupil in logic who comes from his erroneous teachers to a true master of the art and science, has to encounter the first and more difficult task of unlearning, before he can become a true disciple in the school of the Stagyrte.

Much of the disrepute into which logic has fallen is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the unreasonable expectations which are held out of its purposes, by those who have treated the subject. They have no doubt sometimes made it too comprehensive in its objects, and appeared to aim at much more than it can accomplish. But we shall see presently whether

this is the only cause of the ridicule which has fallen upon the art. He accuses Watts and other modern writers of going beyond its legitimate boundaries, even so far as to grasp at a system for "invigorating and properly directing all the powers of the mind"; a romantic attempt no doubt, but implied, as he thinks, in the very title of Watts's work, — "*The Right Use of Reason*." In conformity to this object, Watts defines Logic to be, "The art of using reason well, in our inquiries after truth, and the communication of it to others." Scandalized by such views of the subject, which tend to make the syllogistic art, — the very substance of logic, — a secondary affair, the author thus points out the evil tendency of modern treatises, and gives his own views of the subject.

"It is not perhaps much to be wondered at, that in still later times several ingenious writers, forming their notions of the science itself from professed masters in it, such as have just been alluded to, and judging of its value from their failures, should have treated the Aristotelic system with so much reprobation and scorn. Too much prejudiced to bestow on it the requisite attention for enabling them clearly to understand its real character and object, or even to judge correctly from the little they did understand, they have assailed the study with a host of objections, so totally irrelevant, and consequently impotent, that, considering the talents and general information of those from whom they proceed, they might excite astonishment in any one who did not fully estimate the force of very early prejudice.

"Logic has usually been considered by these objectors as professing to furnish a *peculiar* method of reasoning, instead of a method of analyzing that mental process which must *invariably* take place in all correct reasoning; and accordingly they have contrasted the ordinary mode of reasoning with the syllogistic, and have brought forward with an air of triumph the argumentative skill of many who never learned the system; a mistake no less gross than if any one should regard Grammar as a peculiar Language, and should contend against its utility, on the ground that many speak correctly who never studied the principles of grammar. For Logic, which is, as it were, the Grammar of Reasoning, does not bring forward the regular Syllogism as a distinct mode of argumentation, designed to be substituted for any other mode; but as the form to which *all* correct reasoning may be ultimately reduced." pp. 8, 9.

This is no doubt very discriminating, and fairly sets forth the pretensions of ancient logicians, and the manner in which they were sustained by the schoolmen for a long succession of ages. But whether claiming for the syllogism the office of sovereign arbiter and interpreter of *all* correct reasoning, is more modest or tends more to rescue it from the shafts of ridicule than treating it as the art of using reason well, is, to say the least, very questionable. How proudly must the sophomore arraign before this high arbiter, with all the formulæ belonging to the court, — the Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Baroko, and Bokardo, the contraries, subcontraries, and subalterns, &c., — our great philosophers, statesmen, and divines, and pray for the sentence of the judge against them for flagrant violations of the laws of reasoning, which he proves against them by sustaining his *negatur major*, or *negatur minor*! It should be recollected that syllogisms are liable to fallacies, as well as the less formal modes of reasoning, and that, according to the usual illustrations of them, they give a show of learning, and of depth of argumentation, to what lies very near the surface of things.*

* In a discourse in the "Edinburgh Review," entitled "Characteristics," founded upon two paradoxical if not unsound texts, namely — "The healthy know not of their health, but only the sick," and "The sign of health [mental health] is unconsciousness;" a discourse upon matters logical, theological, moral, physical, and metaphysical; written in a very eccentric, and, it seems to us, a very affected style, peculiarly aphoristical (*arena sine calce*, — sand without lime, or cement, as was remarked of Seneca's writings); but marked withal by great intellectual acuteness; — there are some striking observations upon the subject before us, from which we cannot forbear to extract a few sentences. "Foolish enough was the College Tutor's surprise at Walter Shandy; how, though unread in Aristotle, he could nevertheless argue; and not knowing the name of any dialectic tool, handled them all to perfection. Of Logic, and its limits, and uses and abuses, there were much to be said and examined; one fact, however, which chiefly concerns us here, has long been familiar; that the man of logic and the man of insight; the Reasoner and the Discoverer, or even Knower, are quite separable, — indeed, for most part, quite separate characters. In mere Speculation itself, the most ineffectual of all characters, generally speaking, is your dialectic man-at-arms; were he armed cap-a-pie in syllogistic mail of proof, and perfect master of logic-fence, how little does it avail him! Consider the old Schoolmen, and their pilgrimage towards Truth: the faithfullest endeavour, incessant unwearyed motion, often great natural vigor; only no progress: nothing but antic feats of one limb poised against the other; then they bal-

Next to Dr. Whately's "Introduction," follows his "Analytical Outline of the Science" of Logic. It is the burden of this Analysis to show that all sound reasoning is similar, and reducible to logical forms, to syllogisms. The *dictum* of Aristotle, "that whatever is predicated universally of any class of things, may be predicated in like manner of any thing comprehended in that class," which is the foundation of the great philosopher's whole logical system, our author expounds, and vindicates against objections, and magnifies into a great philosophical truth, not the less valuable, and deserving of praise in respect to the discoverer, on account of its simplicity and apparent obviousness.

The "Synthetical Compendium" contains the gist of the matter. We are great friends to classification, and after all the loose talk about the Analytical or the Inductive Method of instruction, there is no substitute, in the common means which can be used in teaching, for that method which, beginning with the parts, ascends to the whole, by such steps and so much technical explanation, as may suffice for the progress of the untutored intellect. It is the triumph of philosophy to gain the whole field of science or art. The philosopher, being able to analyze his knowledge, is the fit person to prepare the way for others to ascend step by step to the same knowledge. Induction will take care of itself; — it will always be going on, and will do wonders for great minds, and something for all.

But while we are great friends to classification, we must acknowledge that it may be, and often is, extended too far; and this, according to our taste and notions of utility, is the case in the "Synthetical Compendium" of Dr. Whately's Logic. Besides the definitions and illustrations of "Terms," with which we have no particular fault to find, the author revives the old scholastic substitutes of symbolical letters for propositions of different qualities, giving mere mechanical abstractions, which are worthless if the sense of the propositions is not associated, and perplexing if it is thus asso-

anced, somerseted, and made postures; at best gyrated swiftly, with some pleasure, like Spinning Dervishes, and ended where they began. So it is, so will it always be, with all system-makers and builders of logical card-castles; of which class a certain remnant must, in every age, as they do in our own, survive and build." *Edinburgh Review*, No. 108. p. 355.

ciated. But the climax of technical and symbolical trifling appears in the author's revival and illustrations of the various "Figures" of the syllogism. The combinations of signs for propositions in the "Moods" consisting of four "Majors" with their "Minors and sixteen pairs of premises," and the conclusions, amounting to sixty-four in number, make a pretty formidable battalion; though when all the individuals are rejected for different faults and violations of dialectic laws, nearly five-sixths appear to be non-combatants; still these may impose upon such officers of the drill as are not well skilled in this sort of tactics. And when we come further to the combination of "Moods" and "Figures," and are directed to study the following "Mnemonic lines," and "commit them to memory," the affair becomes truly appalling.

"Fig. 1. bArbArA, cElArEnt, dArII, fErIOque prioris.

"Fig. 2. cEsArE, cAmEstrEs, fEstInO, bArOkO, secundæ.

"Fig. 3. tertia, dArApI, dIsAmIs, dAtIsI, fElApOn, bOkArdO, fErIsO, habet: quarta insuper addit,

"Fig. 4. brAmAntIp, cAmEnEs, dImArIs, fEsApo, frEsIsOn." p. 70.

None, we presume, but teachers of logic and reviewers, will undertake to study the application of these symbols, and the illustrations accompanying them. We cannot spend our time or fill our pages with them. What man in his senses will go to work to analyze argument by formulæ made out of this jargon, or what youth can be driven to do it without losing his wits, we know not. No wonder, if this is the mode of teaching, that a logician is such a rare spectacle at Oxford.*

* By these Symbols, Moods, and Figures, as Watts remarks, "Men have endeavoured to transform Logic into a sort of mechanism, and to teach boys to syllogize, or frame arguments to refute them, without any real inward knowledge of the question. This is almost in the same manner as school-boys have been taught, perhaps in their trifling years to compose Latin verses by certain tables and squares with a variety of letters in them, wherein, by counting every sixth or eighth letter, certain Latin words should be framed in the form of Hexameters, Pentameters," &c. Dr. Hedge, in his "Elements of Logic," so generally and so deservedly used as a text-book in the United States, has, very judiciously, after amply illustrating syllogisms for the purpose of his work, thrown an account of the scholastic jargon to which we have adverted (the rabbinical lore of logic) into a note. In Hedge's Logic,

Again, Dr. Whately is far too prolix in a kind of negative criticism, if we may so speak, namely, in showing what syllogistic forms are not valid ; thus pointing out the fallacies of form, where the merest novice could detect the fallacy in the sentiment or reasoning, independently of the infallible syllogistic test. Indeed, he is much too rigid, according to our judgment, in his notions of the extensive application of the syllogism. It is the Aaron's rod which swallows up every thing else. All that deserves to be called reasoning in the process of *Induction* is reducible to syllogism, and all else is investigation. This is a very narrow view of the process of reasoning, and if it is practicable, it is not practical. It brings the whole business of reasoning into a uniform circle, which excludes all the methods by which we come to general axioms in physical and moral science ; and these methods it seems to us are sufficiently distinct to be entitled inductive reasoning, or induction. But we have not room for a discussion of this subject, and therefore shall close with one or two remarks upon the parts of Dr. Whately's work, of which we have not yet spoken.

The part on Fallacies, though treated more in obedience to the technical language of the author's synthesis, than appears to be necessary or useful, is managed with great thoroughness and ability. The like ability is displayed in the "Dissertation on the Province of Reasoning," apart from the objection which we make all along of the author's every where maintaining the supremacy of the Syllogism.

The long Appendix, chiefly on the subject of ambiguous terms, is a useful part of the book, sometimes however running too much into discussion in Theology and Political

with all its brevity, the business of syllogistic reasoning is treated more intelligibly, than in any other work we have seen ; particularly so in the explanation of the "terms." He has not unduly magnified his art, and his mode of treating it well corresponds with the neat and comprehensive paragraph with which he concludes his book. In this, after warning the student not to trust exclusively to rules and models, it is added ; "He should dwell on the operations of his own mind, and mark the difficulties which prevent his arriving at clear conclusions ; whether they arise from misapprehensions of the subject, from the ambiguity of language, from weakness in the power of attention, or from the biasses of association. He will thus insensibly form a logic for himself, which, while it embraces the rules common to all minds, will be peculiarly adapted to the improvement of his own."

Economy, which occupy a place that might be more appropriately devoted to the illustration of an additional number of ambiguous terms.

We can hardly speak too well of this work, so far as it gives evidence of great knowledge of the subjects treated, and of extensive learning; and though it is not, in our opinion, by any means well fitted for a text-book, it is a valuable part of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana."

ART. VIII. — *The Biographies of Madame de Staël, and Madame Roland.* By MRS. CHILD, Author of "Hobomok," "The Mother's Book," &c. Boston. Carter & Hendee. 1832. 12mo. pp. 265. [Ladies' Family Library. Vol. I.]

THIS volume begins the first original series of writings under the fashionable title, "Library," which has appeared in our country; and the beginning is very auspicious. The plan is entitled to particular regard on account of its author, a very distinguished female writer; on account of its object, which is "to furnish in the Ladies' Family Library a series of volumes, which will suit the taste, and interest the feelings of women;" and on account of the subjects which it comprises. The author promises to her readers in the future volumes of the work, — "Anecdotes of the Wives of Distinguished Men, — The Employments and Condition of Women in Various Ages and Nations, intended to show the Effects of Christianity on their Character and Situation, — Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, of Madame Larochejaquelein, Princess Lamballe, &c."

The prominent place, and the large share of notice, assigned to French ladies in Mrs. Child's work, is easily accounted for. In France, women are frequently not only the companions, but the equals of distinguished men, mingling in their schemes, and studies, and literary projects, influencing their counsels, deeply if not directly concerning themselves in affairs of state, and sometimes directing the current of popular feeling. There is therefore much more of notoriety attached to women of talents in France, than to the same class in Great Britain and the United States. Without discussing the good or ill attending the different conditions

of the sex in different countries, it is manifest that the more publicity there is in the sphere in which distinguished females move, the greater is the amount of interesting materials for their biographers, and the greater also the hazard in writing their lives. This is particularly the case in regard to Madame de Staël. And when we add to this the difficulty of procuring materials for a methodical account of her life, notwithstanding the great eclat which attended her career, we admire alike the courage and the success of Mrs. Child in the undertaking.

She has mingled with remarkably good judgment her own reflections with the biographical narrative, and has given a due proportion of her pages and of her strength to the history of the childhood and youth of Madame de Staël, as influenced by the character and opinions of her parents, by her education, and by the society to which she was exposed. There was a conflicting influence, in some respects, on the part of her parents, the effects of which could not be foretold by any theoretical reasoning, and which might have resulted very unfavorably. Her mother, a lady of great attainments, who made the house of her husband, M. Necker, "a favorite gathering-place for the fashionable and philosophical *coteries* of Paris, and foreigners of note," marked out at the same time a course of rigid discipline for her daughter. But the restraint which she consequently felt in her mother's presence, was thrown off in her absence; and the father indulged and encouraged the forwardness and playful loquacity of the child by his own pleasantry, and excited her to greater trials of strength. Though she was systematically employed in study till she was nearly fifteen years of age, she was accustomed also to listen to conversation beyond her years, and to partake in the same so far as to form a habit, and acquire a power of exercising her talents in this way at a remarkably early period of life. Her health suffering under a too laborious system of study, she was released from it by the direction of physicians; and her mother, disappointed in her own plans, gave the work of the daughter's education entirely into the hands of her husband. Her intellectual expansion seems from this time to have taken place rapidly without solitary study, but not without constant instruction. This change was doubtless on the whole favorable to her character, and to her subsequent fame.

She was accustomed in after life to say, "I owe the frankness of my manners, and the ingenuousness of my character, entirely to my father's penetration. He used to unmask all my little affectations; and I acquired the habit of believing that he could see into my inmost heart."

Though the notions of her mother, who was too much wedded to system, produced a reaction in those of the daughter, yet the latter, even in the gayety of youth, escaped from the danger of alienated affection, so far as to be always respectful, and to show a disposition to please her parent; and in after life, when bereft of her counsels, she said to a female friend, "The more I see of life, the better do I understand my mother; and the more does my heart feel the need of her."

Mrs. Child has ably traced the history of Madame de Staël's literary and political career, of her persecutions, and of her more private life. As a politician, no one, we think, can withhold from her the praise of remarkable moral courage and consistency. If in any thing Mrs. Child has indulged too freely in panegyric, which one is very apt to do, who becomes enamored of a subject long near at heart, she generally shows great discrimination; and if we make any abatements from the eulogy with which she closes the life of Madame de Staël, we cannot fail to appreciate its eloquence and sincerity.

"Madame de Staël, with all her errors, deserves our highest respect and admiration. Her defects, whether as an author or a woman, always sprung from the excess of something good. Every thing in her character tended to extremes. She had an expansive freedom, a mighty energy of soul, which never found room enough in this small world of ours. Her spirit was impatient within the narrow bounds of time and space, and was forever aspiring to something above the destiny of mortals.

"If we are disposed to blame her eagerness for all kinds of distinction, we must remember that her ambitious parents educated her for display, and that she was endowed with talents, which made every effort a victory. If there is much to forgive, there is more to admire; and few will censure her, if none speak harshly but those who have had equal temptations. The most partial cannot deny that she had many faults; but they are so consecrated by unrivalled genius, by kindness, disinterestedness, and candor, that we are willing to let the

veil of oblivion rest upon them for ever, and to remember only that no woman was ever gifted with a clearer head, or a better heart." pp. 108, 109.

The life of Madame Roland is peculiarly engaging from her being made in a great degree her own biographer.* Her domestic history before her marriage though not a history of domestic happiness, is instructive and sufficiently full, including her opportunities for intellectual culture. It brings into view the state of French society in the middling classes more than half a century ago, and shows how a great mind could operate undazzled by the glitter of courtly parade, and unimpeded by a round of senseless dissipation.

Madame Roland who was born in 1754, was the daughter of Philpon, an engraver, a coarse man, whose mind was engrossed by the love of money. He was cruel in parental discipline, and being wholly unsuccessful, he relinquished the government of his daughter to her mother, a wise and pious woman, who always found her child completely manageable, with no other punishment but a word or look of reproof. The ruling passion of the daughter from infancy was that of reading and study, and her acquirements were very rapid and remarkable. She had no ambition for dress, but that of neatness, and did not dearly prize her beauty till it began to fade. Her studies however did not disqualify her for other accomplishments, or from acquainting herself with humble domestic occupations. For the benefit of our young female readers we quote a few comprehensive words of her own which illustrate our assertions.

"The same child, who read systematic works, who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere, who could handle the crayon and the graver, and who at eight years of age was the best dancer in the youthful parties, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, or skim the pot. This mixture of serious studies, agreeable relaxations, and domestic cares, was rendered pleasant by my mother's

* Madame Roland wrote an account of herself while in prison, during the reign of Robespierre, afterwards published under the following title; "*Appel à l'Impartiale Postérité.*" Besides the information gained from other sources, Mrs. Child in the use of this work of two octavo volumes, was obliged "to abridge useless details, to arrange what was confused, and to explain the political relation of parties."

good management, and fitted me for every thing: it seemed to forbode the vicissitudes of my future life, and enabled me to bear them. In every place I am at home: I can prepare my own dinner with as much address as Philopœmen cut wood; but no one, seeing me thus engaged, would think it an office in which I ought to be employed." p. 121.

In her childhood she had deep religious impressions, which led her in her twelfth year to a convent, where she remained a year, and pursued her studies with great constancy. Her mind and the improvement of it were so much superior to those with whom she ordinarily associated, that she was disgusted with their attempts to imitate the manners and fashions of the great. She early showed an independence in her words and actions about these things, which indicated those republican tendencies which afterwards came into full operation. She valued intellectual culture too much to be satisfied with the mercenary provisions which her father would fain have made for her as a wife. Her suitors were numerous, and with one of them her mother was sufficiently satisfied to use something of persuasion, but was silenced at once by her daughter's allusion to the unequal union of her parents.

She was married to Roland when she was twenty-five years old, her husband being forty-seven. He was distinguished for activity and enterprise, and was the maker of his own fortunes. His mental endowments and acquirements, and his general character, preserved the uniform respect and affection of his wife, though she acknowledged too great a disparity in their ages. Still she shared and sympathized with him in all his studies and pursuits, and in his whole political career till their conflicts with the turbulence of the times were ended by her death upon the scaffold, and his by his own hand. It was Roland that signed the order for the death of the king, and it was in vain for a regicide, a member of the Jacobin club, or a Brissotine, to preach order and humanity. In the round of revolution, those who stop at each preceding step, are condemned by those who take the next, being already too far committed to expect security. Robespierre guillotined as many revolutionists as royalists.

So remarkable a woman as Madame Roland, who, in addition to her accomplishments and various learning and information, acquainted herself with the theory of government;

who, when the Brissotine party was dominant, received its distinguished deputies and inspired their counsels, and was in fact the genius that guided in secret the ruling power of the nation ; who, during the time her husband was Minister of the Interior, not only shared in his labors when tossed on the tempestuous sea of revolution, but was usually at the helm in the hour of greatest peril ; who fearlessly and eloquently spoke in her own defence before the National Convention, and was afterwards privileged to sit in that body ; who presented herself there at a later period in vain, to undertake the defence of her husband ; who, when her turn had come as a sacrifice to the madness of revolution, was an angel of mercy to her fellow prisoners, and within the prison-walls was the recorder of her own history and of the transactions of the eventful period which had just closed ; who undauntedly looked death in the face, feeling herself to be a victim to the genuine principles of liberty ; who in fine added, if we may be allowed so to speak, to the most exalted masculine intellect, the gracefulness and animation peculiar to her own sex, — is a noble subject for a biographer ; and she has found a female in this abode of liberty, for which she sighed as for her home, who has proved herself amply competent to the office.

We look forward with great expectations to Mrs. Child's continuation of her labors, and congratulate her, in this age of literary projects, upon her successful choice of subjects.

ART. IX. — *The Last Night of Pompeii : a Poem, and Lays and Legends*. By SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD. New York. 1832. 8vo. pp. 309.

THE subject which Mr. Fairfield has attempted to treat poetically under the above title, is one of peculiar difficulty. To the conscious strength of native genius the poet must superadd the most thorough and accurate knowledge of antiquity, if he would produce a work on such a subject, which competent judges would not pronounce a decided failure. His command of language should be unbounded ; for he is called upon to describe the most tremendous natural phenomenon recorded in antiquity ; he must introduce the feelings of certain personages, whose characters were formed

under modes of thinking totally different from our own, and would therefore require a nice selection and adaptation of language, such as only the most powerful and discriminating mind can accomplish. The most difficult literary enterprise is that of embodying in a modern tongue the spirit, and working into a poetical form the recorded events and all their associated recollections, of antiquity. We remember but two successful examples of this kind of literary artist-work, Milton's "*Sampson Agonistes*," and Goethe's "*Iphigenie auf Tauris*," both of which shine in the same light of clear simple truth, and majestic power, which illuminates the creations of Æschylus and Euripides. We have made these few remarks, which we believe sufficiently indicate the difficulty of the task Mr. Fairfield has assumed, by way of apology for his failure and of explanation of the strictures, which we feel it our duty to make, upon the spirit of his work and the manner of its execution.

In the first place, then, Mr. Fairfield has entirely failed in regard to the *simplicity*, which is the essential spirit of ancient art and literature. Instead of telling what he has to say in direct terms, uniting however the qualities of plainness and elegance and descriptiveness, or *naturalness*, he has blown up his thoughts to a wordy and unmeaning expansion, which keeps the reader's mind in a perpetual doubt, *where* the real intent of his author is to be found. We need not hunt far for an example. Take the first ten lines.

"'Mid mellow folds of softly floating gold,
The flowered pavilions of the spirit winds,
That waved in music to the Ausonian breeze,
And blent, like heart-smiles, with the deep blue vault
Of beautiful Campania, like a God,
(Titan in ancient dreams, whose faintest smile
Elysian splendors breathed through ocean's realm)
Casting aside earth's throbbing dust, to put
His diadem of deathless glory on,
The sun went slowly down the Apennines." p. 9.

Nothing can be more forced, unnatural, and absurd, than this inverted and distracted introduction. What but the most false idea of poetic beauty could have made the writer call the clouds "the flowered pavilions of the spirit winds,"—a misty expression of a half unintelligible conception formed by a brain straining after something out of its reach. Then,

to make the beauty of the thing still more beautiful, these clouds "blent, like heart-smiles, with the deep blue vault"; though we confess, with profound humility, that we do not know in what respect the clouds blending with the blue sky — blue vault, we mean, — may be said to resemble a heart-smile, having never seen a cloud and a heart-smile in such a light, or in such a juxta-position as to exhibit any resemblance whatever to each other.

Then, "like a god, casting aside earth's *throbbing dust* (what is that?) to put his diadem of deathless glory on" — what then? "The sun went slowly down the Apennines." How does Mr. Fairfield know that the setting sun looks like any such thing? Did he ever see a god "casting aside earth's throbbing dust"? Does this affected comparison carry the slightest illustration of the idea to the reader's mind? Does either reader or writer know any thing about it? It is a ridiculous attempt at the gorgeous and magnificent, to pile nine cumbrous lines, which mean nothing in particular, upon one which means only that the sun went down. The whole story might have been told, and ought to have been told, in a single line, or at most in a couplet; —

Ἦμος δ' ἡέλιος κατέδυν, καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἤλθεν,

says the Father of poetry, and says neither too much nor too little, but transcribes faithfully from nature.

In further illustration of this fault we continue the quotation.

"Far up the living dome of heaven, the clouds,
 Pearling the azure, like a seraph's robe,
 Wreathed o'er the blessed and beaming face of heaven,
 And glanced, 'mid blush and shadow, o'er the sky,
 Full of the gentle spirit of the air
 The mediator of the elements.
 As if imbued with virgin thought, the leaves
 Tenderly smiled their loveliness, and sighed,
 O'er the hushed summer earth, their music, soft
 As the sky-hymns o'er wandering souls forgiven.
 The hills cast giant shadows, in whose depth
 Wild jagged rocks, and solitary floods,
 And forests gnarled and hoar, looking deep awe,
 Like the vast deserts of a dream, replied
 To voices of unresisting phantoms, there
 Till day-dreams, *wrapt in dark sublimities*" — (pp. 9, 10.)

— which is precisely our own condition, after groping through the “palpable obscure” of this dark passage, in pursuit of a certain will-o-the-wisp, commonly called an idea. Did the poet’s eye, while rolling in a fine phrenzy from earth to heaven, ever catch a glimpse of a “seraph’s robe,” that looked like a cloud, pearling the azure, up “the living dome of heaven,” and “o’er the blessed and beaming face of heaven” too? We would thank him, moreover, to tell us what he means by “the gentle spirit of the air,” and “the mediator of the elements,” and what he means by both together? And while he is upon the subject, he may explain the “secret significance” of the “leaves” smiling their loveliness and sighing their music like “sky-hymns,” — and then he may tell us something about the forests *looking deep awe*, (we have heard of “looking daggers,”) “like the vast deserts of a dream,” — and having done all this, he may let in a little light upon the “dark sublimities.”

On page 11, the Vestal chants a hymn, in which the following stanzas occur :

“Cold sleep the ashes of the heart that breathed
But for my bliss — when being’s suns were few ;
And hath the spirit no high hope bequeathed ?
Or must it drink the grave’s eternal dew ?”

“Being’s suns were few” is a miserable affectation, and breathes any thing rather than the feeling appropriate to such an occasion ; and “drinking the grave’s eternal dew,” is beneath criticism.

Again ;

“The rippling rills, the radiant morns, the flowers,
Bursting in beauty, showers of iris hues,
Starlight and love — the graces and the hours —
Each — all must vanish like the dial dews !” p. 12.

What does she mean by the “dial dews,” and by “showers of iris hues” ? Starlight and love and so forth, seem to have set the poor Vestal’s head a wandering.

“Now from the mountain tent mid ilex woods
Or gay pavilions in the elysian vale,
Wandered, on twilight air, through clustering vines,
The cithern’s music and the lute’s soft strain
Echoed the soul of love-filled melody.” p. 13.

We are sorry to ask so many Yankee questions, but we *must* ask, What is "the soul of love-filled melody"? Does it mean any thing?

"And the green still shores
Looked up to the blue mountains with the face —
The cherub face of sinless infancy —
With hope and joy perpetual in that look ;
For, 'mid all changes, still the faded bloom
Shall be renewed — the slumbering heart revived." p. 15.

It is mere namby-pamby, — this talk about the shores looking up to the mountains "with the cherub-face of sinless infancy." He should have added, to complete the picture,

And the old mountains, like revered papas
Their summits shook, like seraph-wigs, and smiled.

This would make a tolerably touching scene, and give a significance to the personification, but half brought out, in the expression "the slumbering heart revived," in addition to the surprising effect of comparing, in Mr. Fairfield's peculiar manner, a thing so rarely seen as the top of a mountain, with a thing so familiar to every body as the wig of a seraph.

We have on the same page,

"The stars
The dread sabaoth of the unbounded air,
From the profound between each downy fold,
Gleamed *like the eyes of seraphs*, from the realms
Of immortality beholding earth." p. 15.

We have just suggested the wig as an addition to the seraphic wardrobe. The "downy folds" here mentioned would be excellent materials, and taken in connexion with the "eyes" in the next line, would produce a coherence in the *disjecti membra* which the fervid genius of the poet made him neglect.

The following is a description of the heroine ;

"There Mariamne clung to Pansa's breast.
The melancholy loveliness of Love,
That dares the voiceless desert and inspires
The forest solitude, around her hung
Like star-gemmed clouds around an angel's form ;
On her pale brow the very soul of faith

Rested as by its shrine ; and earth's vain pride
And triumph from the vaulted refuge fled
Where Hope breathed Love's own immortality." p. 16.

The poet's familiarity with the paraphernalia of seraphs and angels furnishes him a store of comparisons, which his brothers of the irritable race will be likely to envy. It would be prudent for him to husband his resources and not exhibit this rare finery to every body ; for those who are not themselves favored with such beatific visions, will, as sure as there is human nature in man, underrate them and perhaps laugh at them. How can a man in his senses talk about "the melancholy loveliness of Love," hanging round a young lady ; and then compare this incomprehensible thing by way of illustration, to another which is but the misty figment of an uncertain brain, to wit, "the star-gemmed clouds around an angel's form" ?

"Rapt by the charm and majesty — the bloom
And dreamy verdure of the world and skies." p. 19.

"Verdure of the world and skies" ! A green world and green skies ! We have seen green leaves, green fields, and green turtles, — but green skies never. The bloom of flowers, the bloom of youth, and the bloom of beauty are all around us, — but where is the bloom of the sky ? Not over us, surely.

The "Midnight Prayer" of the Christian converts is marked by the same forced and half-intelligible conceptions, and the same absurdities of expression. Take the following stanza.

"The breathing earth, the gleaming heaven,
The song of sea, mount, vale, and stream,
While *dimness waves* o'er holy even,
Blend our glad souls with beauty's beam ;
But darkness, danger, torrents raise
Our hope to *THEE*, Death-victor ! where
In virgin light fly tearless days —
Redeemer ! hear our midnight prayer ! " p. 37.

The descriptions of the volcanic eruptions, and the terrific appearance of the neighbouring scenery, are made up of huge words, roaring and thundering and lightening, and finally burying the ideas under their torrents, as deeply as the ashes and lava of Vesuvius overwhelmed the unhappy city.

And there they will probably rest undisturbed, until perhaps some zealous searcher after hidden things may chance to stumble on the fragment of a thought, in some remote age, when the present generation shall be forgotten, and our own lucubrations shall have passed away from the memories of men.

" Yet his undimmed eye
Flashing its birthlight radiance unto heaven,
Drinking revealments of God's paradise." p. 55.

"Birthlight," a word occurring pretty often, we do not exactly understand, and we think the poet must be in the same predicament. "*Drinking* revealment" is hardly the proper expression, if we know what the author intends to describe. It is true, that a word properly applicable to but one of the senses, is sometimes applied metaphorically to another, though always, we think, in bad taste. Thus the ear is said to *drink* in melody; but it would be quite as correct to say the mouth *hears* a glass of punch; "the eye *drinks* revealments," is the same as to say the palate *sees* a beef-steak. This use of language is at war with clearness and simplicity, two prime requisites in every kind of writing.

The First Canto ends with the capture and imprisonment of the Christian pair, Pansa and Mariamne, which is described in a style worthy of the subject, except the last line:

" And Pansa saw,
In speechless agony, a moment ere
The Mamertine abysses were his home,
Pale shuddering Mariamne through the gloom
Of statues, pillars, temples, and hushed streets,
Where fountains only witnessed deeds of death,
Borne like a shadow to a nameless doom." p. 65.

The fault of this line is in the ambiguity of the word *nameless*. We suppose it means *unknown*, which, if so, would have been a much better term.

Canto Second begins with a sublimated apostrophe to Time, which we have studied diligently, but cannot now pause to expound. Then the last sunrise of Pompeii is thus ushered in:

" But o'er thy ruins, Time! and the thick clouds
Of the heart's mysteries a sun shall burst,

As now Apollo's steeds, caparisoned
 In mornbeam hues, rush up the Apennines,
 Star-eyed Eous and wild Phlegon first,
 Pouring the sungod's splendors o'er the domes
 Of Pompeii waking from her last still sleep." p. 69.

A description corresponding, in unmeaning pomp, to the sunset of the preceding evening.

We find on page 73 the following moral reflections :

" When sin gains sanction and the heart is soiled
 By unrebuked, ay, customary crime,
 The tenderest yearnings of the bosom — love
 With its dependence and delight — its smile,
 Like rifted rose-leaves, and its fear, like dew
 Shook from the pinions of the seraphim,
 Breathe unaccepted music."

The smile of love may be "like rifted rose-leaves," though we do not at this moment perceive the resemblance; but how "its tear" can be "like dew shook from the pinions of the seraphim," (the same seraphim, probably, that wore the cloud-garments on page 9,) more than any other dew, and how the smile and the tear can *breathe* the music, we vehemently doubt the poet's ability to tell.

"The Pæan of the Pantheon" is an imitation of the ancient chorus, being divided into strophes and antistrophes, with the addition of *epodes*. In another respect the imitation is a happy one, namely, its incomprehensibleness; but with this difference, that the ancient chorus *had* a meaning, and a lofty one, in unfolding which the diligent student at this far-off age will find himself richly rewarded.

The description of the sacrifice, had it been given in language ten times more simple, and in sentences ten times less involved, would have been excellent. It is conceived in the spirit of poetry, but the execution, as usual, is spoiled by Mr. Fairfield's prevailing defects and absurd affectations.

The impending terrors of the volcano, and the evil omen of the sacrifice, induce the superstitious multitude to offer up "Pompeii's loveliest virgin" on the altar of Isis.

" Must Death, from his pale realms of fear, so soon
 Breathe on that beautiful and radiant brow
 And leave it blasted? on the blossomed lips,
 Whence music gushed in streams of rainbow thought,
 And chill them into breathlessness and gloom?

That vermil cheek — those eyes, where thoughts repose,
Like clustered stars on the blue autumn skies,
That head of beauty and that heart of love." p. 95.

We never happened to hear any music which gushed from blossomed lips *like rainbow thought*. We have often listened to sweet music from fair lips, and to the utterance of various kinds of thought, with delight and edification; but we have no recollection of any that possessed the qualities of the rainbow, nor have we ever had the good fortune to see in a lady's eye thoughts reposing like clustered stars. We are inclined to believe that this Pompeian lady, what with the rainbow thought on her lips, and the star-thought in her eyes, must have been an extraordinary young woman. Her portrait may yet be discovered in some future excavation.

Again, after a sort of trance in the Temple of Isis, the victim is restored to consciousness :

"The veins
Again like violets began to glow,
And Thought from the elysian portals turned
To shed, once more, its starlight o'er her brow.
The lips, like rifted sunset clouds, burned o'er
With beauty, and the sloe-dark eyes, from lids
Of loveliness o'erarched like rainbows, flashed." p. 101.

The lips now are like "rifted sunset clouds," and the rainbow is transferred to the eyebrow, and starlight to the forehead. Well, strange changes *do* sometimes happen in a lady's looks.

The scene which ensues is too revolting for quotation. The victim, and Mariamne the Christian, escape from among the falling images in the temple, tottering on its foundation by the violence of the convulsions. The passage of the Prætor through the streets is adorned by some skillful touches, and the scene of the feast is well described, though rather too *broadly*, which is a fault the poet has a strong propensity to run into. In the madness of his revelry the Prætor orders the Christian to be brought before him for the amusement of the banqueters. The unbending firmness of the Christian, and the insulting taunts of the tyrannical representative of Roman supremacy, are conceived with no little power, but shrouded in such a mist of darkened phraseology,

that the effect of the whole is marred, if not destroyed. The Canto concludes with the Prætor's command to drag the prisoners to the cells of Gladiators, there to await the coming contest of the beasts.

The Third and last Canto begins with a long and absurd palaver about the poet himself. We have no patience with such egotism any where; but here it is not only intrinsically ridiculous, but ridiculously out of place. By what possible train of associations would a common reader imagine a connexion between a combat of Christians with wild beasts at Pompeii, and Mr. Fairfield's narrative of melancholy meditations and imaginary woes? And by what perverted spirit of self-complacent and Byronic complaining was he led to get up a resemblance between his own sufferings and those of the Athenian sage? And what addle-headed folly made him say,

"I woke to feel the friendlessness of earth
And know myself a homeless pilgrim there" ?

an assertion that can be true of no honest man, either in poetry or prose. It belongs to that kind of sentimental slang, which the hazy heads and dyspeptic stomachs of *rowdy* poetasters have unhappily brought into vogue, and which the returning empire of common sense over the poetic world must ere long banish for ever.

"Torrents of wrongs and calumnies, hurled out
From the Gehenna of revenge to fall
Upon the Hinnom of the world, have raised
In me the spirit of a dreadless scorn
And multiplied contempt of human thoughts." p. 143.

It is passing strange that any man can sit down and gravely perpetrate this kind of nonsense, and send it to the press to be bought and read by the same world for whose thoughts he affects to entertain "a dreadless scorn and multiplied contempt." The world has been insulted too long by the railing of a class of whining poets, who imagine themselves set apart from human sympathies by their genius and misfortunes, — their genius for the most part consisting in the power of stringing together the nauseating and idiotic *niaiserie* inspired by deep debauch, and their misfortunes growing out of unconquerable idleness and unbounded vanity.

The Games begin. The roar of the gathering multitude,

the preparations for the bloody work, the savage Prætor, the gladiators, and the overhanging horrors of the mountain-storm, are portrayed with occasional lines of true imaginative power. The poet, however, seems to be struggling with the phantoms of a dream. He has not brought the subject within the scope of clear intellectual vision, and does not treat it with the conscious energy of a freely-working and awakened mind. It is too vast, too grand, too indistinctly pictured, and overloaded with heavy colors, running into and confusedly intermingling with each other. We gaze upon it; we think there is something, we know not what, of the wonderful and the terrible, in the admired disorder of the ever-shifting phantasmata; and we turn away, with our heads reeling under smoke and lava and thunder and lightning, falling temples, thronging crowds, cowering and affrighted lions, and ghastly multitudes. The impression left on the mind is like the half-formed and misshapen terrors of a dyspeptic dream. Amidst all this confusion there is one passage, equally striking in the conception, and powerful in the execution; we mean the escape of the Lion from the scene of combat. Had Mr. Fairfield always so written, his name would have been placed long ere now at an enviable height among the poets of America.

“The Lion lay, his quivering paws outspread,
His white teeth gnashing, till the crushing throngs
Had passed the corridors; then, glaring up
His eyes imbued with samiel light, he saw
The crags and forests of the Apennines
Gleaming far off, and with the exulting sense
Of home and lone dominion, at a bound,
He leapt the lofty palisades and sprung
Along the spiral passages, with howls
Of horror through the flying multitudes
Flying to seek his lonely mountain lair.” pp. 167, 168.

Then we have a wild scene, set forth under the title of “The Death-Cries of Pompeii,” — the escape of the Christian and the Pompeian maiden, — and “The Farewell of the Christians.” The poem ends with a description of their retreat among the Alps. These several passages fall under the same general remarks which we have already made, and require no particular criticism.

The volume contains several other poems, which we had

marked for quotation and comment, particularly "The Lay of the Fatherless," by which we suppose Mr. Fairfield means himself. It contains the most extraordinary series of imprecations upon we know not whom, that we ever had the misfortune to encounter. If the author has really been used in the manner that such tremendous cursing would seem to indicate, it would have been in better taste to keep his vengeful thoughts to himself, instead of obtruding them upon a world which cannot be supposed, by the utmost stretch of self-deluding vanity, to care much about the matter. If it is a mere fiction, it is poor and common-place, and the world will thank no man for adding a feather's weight to the intolerable load of sentimental trash under which it has long struggled and groaned.

The volume closes with an absurd story, full of all manner of extravagances, in prose. We can spare room only for the following brief specimen :

"The fiery arrows of love penetrated the heart of poor Walter, and through the secret mansions of that mysterious world scattered their rapid splendor. With a vivid, streaming, aurora light, they flew from thought to thought, quivered and shot along the electric chain of the highest and most engrossing passion of the spirit." p. 245.

There are some minor faults, which have not yet been alluded to, — such as the frequent use of newly-coined words, the making adjectives of nouns, and other similar liberties, hardly to be allowed in English. Ancient names, and particularly the most important one, Pompeii, are mispronounced. In every passage but one where it occurs, the verse requires it to be sounded as if it were written *Pompey*, — a good name in its place, — the name of a gentleman who fought at Pharsalia, and not unknown in the most respectable colored circles of modern times. Such an oversight is a serious blemish in a work designed for immortality; but in this, it is thrown into the shade by greater and perpetually recurring defects.

We must say, therefore, that Mr. Fairfield's effort is a decided failure, though partially redeemed by occasional touches of genius and power. Our opinion is formed upon a careful perusal of the volume, from beginning to end, — a task which we venture to say, Mr. Fairfield and our pains-

taking self alone excepted, no man, woman, or child in the United States has accomplished. To make a poem on such a subject successful, would require the rarest genius, and the profoundest learning,—neither of which belongs to Mr. Fairfield. The beauty, simplicity, and truth of ancient literature should be the elements of its composition; but all are wanting here. The language is unnatural and turgid; the comparisons and illustrations are always far-fetched, and often unintelligible. Things known are compared to things unknown and impossible. It seems as if the poet were fearful of committing the crime of idolatry, and so had conjured around him images of things neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor in the waters under the earth. The characters should be like those of ancient tragedy and the forms of ancient sculpture; well defined by simple but grand outlines, independent, self-poised and reposing; but here they resemble wooden images, wrought by an unskilful hand, into a wretched general resemblance to the human prototype. The conceptions should be elevated above nature, and wrought into the perfection of that ideal beauty, which is indispensable in a work of art or literature, created for immortality; but here, they are strained, unnatural, and monstrous. In short, the work attempted is higher than the poet's powers, which are considerable, and deeper than his learning, which is superficial. If he will earnestly strive to purify his mind from false taste, to "clear his head" of the "cant" of egotism, to be earnest, simple, natural, and sincere, on themes within his mental range, he may yet produce something that his country will not allow to die. But he would do well to remember the fate of the Frog.

ART. X. — *The Elements of Mechanics*. By JAMES RENWICK, LL. D., Professor of Natural Experimental Philosophy, and Chemistry, in Columbia College, New York. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1832. 8vo. pp. 508.

UNTIL within a very few years, Enfield's Philosophy was the only book used in our colleges, for the study of Mechanics, Physics, and Astronomy; and there were no works in this country or in England that seemed suitable to

take the place of it, though the deficiency of that work, compared with the actual state of those sciences, must have long been felt. In France, on the contrary, there has been no lack of books on these subjects; and within a few years there have been, both in England and this country, some very successful attempts to supply them, in a style adapted to the present state of mathematical and physical science.

This treatise by Professor Renwick is one of the attempts, and we are of opinion that it will be found a valuable addition to our books of this class.

The following extracts from the Preface will give some idea of the plan and views of the author.

"The work which is now submitted to the public, comprises a portion of the materials collected for the courses it is my duty annually to deliver in Columbia College. It was originally intended that the subject of Practical Mechanics should have accompanied the Elements; thus forming a full treatise on the theoretic and practical parts of that useful and interesting branch of science. It was however found that in this way the work would have assumed too bulky a form. The applications of the elementary principles of the present work to the construction of machines, have therefore been withheld, until the sense of the public be declared as to its merits. Should the verdict be favorable, the author may be encouraged to proceed with the publication, not only of the sequel to these Elements, but with that of some of the other subjects to which a labor of twelve years have [has] been devoted, namely; Pure Physics, Chemistry applied to the Arts, and Practical Astronomy.

"To those who have already made progress, this volume may present little novelty; all that it contains of most value will be readily traced to obvious if not familiar sources. But to the learner, the author cannot but hope, that it will offer in a condensed, and generally in a simple and almost popular form, facts, principles, and methods of investigation, that he will find in no single work in any language, and which must be sought for in various treatises, most of them inaccessible to those who read no other language but the English.

"The work presents the mixture of strict mechanical principles, with the physical inferences from experiment and observation, that is [are] demanded by the plan of teaching natural philosophy, which is generally adopted in this country, and which is habitual in most of the English treatises on that general subject. It is therefore a combination of the subject, styled

by the French *Mécanique*, with so much of the department by them called *Physique*, as is necessary for its illustration, and for preparing the way for practical applications. Nor have the latter been wholly omitted. They have, in the scope of the treatise, frequently come into view, and have in all such cases been treated of in a concise manner.

"One object has been kept steadily in view, namely, that the student shall not be compelled, after having mastered this treatise, to renew his elementary studies, in case he should wish to rise to the higher applications of mechanical science."

We think that, in conformity with this plan, the work is very well executed. In the mathematical part the method of analysis, as it is called, has been employed; that is, free use has been made of the differential and integral calculus, instead of the geometrical methods of demonstration; and a knowledge of these branches of mathematics is absolutely necessary in order to read this treatise. The methods of demonstration employed, as well as the illustrations, are necessarily concise; for the limits of the work did not admit of elaborate discussions. But the methods appear to be generally well chosen, and the illustrations are given in a clear and lucid manner, joined with brevity of expression.

The work embraces almost all the subjects to which the science of dynamics can be applied. It is divided into six books. The first book treats of the general principles of equilibrium, and the composition and resolution of forces. The second book treats of the general principles of motion in its various modifications, both uniform and variable, rectilinear and curvilinear. The third book treats of the equilibrium of solid bodies. Under this head are treated the general properties of matter, attraction of gravitation, centres of gravity and inertia, friction, stiffness of ropes, the mechanical powers, the strength of materials, the equilibrium of artificial structures, as walls, columns, arches, domes, &c. The fourth book treats of the motion of solid bodies. This head embraces falling bodies, the rotary motion of bodies, the motion of projectiles, the theory of the pendulum, the applications of the pendulum, and collision. The fifth book treats of the equilibrium of fluids, both liquids and elastic fluids. Under this head are found the subject of specific gravities, the air-pump, the barometer and its applications.

The sixth book treats of the motion of fluids, both liquids and elastic fluids, under almost all circumstances.

It will be seen that a book of this size treating of so many subjects, giving both the mathematical principles and their explanations, and in many instances their practical applications, must treat them concisely, and, unless well done, obscurely. We think, however, that the work is as good as the plan would admit of. Whether the plan is the best to supply present deficiencies, we must leave the public to decide. We are of opinion, however, that it will be found rather too difficult for beginners, and that some previous knowledge of the subjects will be necessary in most cases to render the study of this book profitable. We also think, that it will fall short in detail of satisfying both practice and science; and that he who shall consult it for either practical or scientific purposes, will seldom find exactly the thing he wants. But it will probably be sufficient for those who wish only to obtain a general knowledge of the subjects, and may also be found a very good preparation for a more extended course.

Though, as we remarked above, we think the author has generally been judicious in his demonstrations, we cannot approve his choice in every instance. His demonstration of the proposition of the parallelogram of forces, for instance, though an ingenious one, we do not think quite so simple as the old one, and we do not see that it possesses any advantages over it. We should prefer the old one in the text, though we should like very well to see this in a note.

ART. XI.—*Tract on Comets; and particularly on the Comet that is to Intersect the Earth's Path in October, 1832.* By M. ARAGO, attached to the Royal Observatory at Paris. Translated from the French by JOHN FARRAR. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1832. 12mo. pp. 89.

WE have not room to give an analysis of this Tract. It contains more of what is known and what is conjectured concerning Comets, in as popular a form as the subject admits, than can probably be elsewhere found in the same compass; and it is particularly valuable for the information which it

gives us of the comet soon to appear, the approach of which, it seems, has excited great alarm in France, lest it should strike the earth and cause great destruction.

This comet is called Biela's Comet, and was first discovered by him on the 27th of February, 1826, and ten days afterward by M. Gambart, who ascertained that it had been observed in 1805, and in 1772. Its periodical return is something less than seven years; and, according to the minute calculations of M. Damoiseau, "it will cross the plane of the ecliptic, that is, the plane in which the earth moves, on the 29th of October, 1832, before midnight." "If, instead of this time," says M. Arago, "it reached that point on the morning of the 30th of November, it would certainly mingle its atmosphere with ours and perhaps it would strike us. But I hasten to assure the public, that a mistake of a month in determining the time when a comet reaches its node, is impossible."

To the question whether the expected comet will affect the seasons, M. Arago replies, partly by citing historical facts concerning the seasons in which comets have before appeared, and partly by philosophical reasoning, both of which go to prove that no perceptible effect is produced by comets. The following extract shows how groundless is the apprehension of their producing any sensible effect on the temperature.

"At the time of its greatest brilliancy, the comet of 1811 did not certainly afford a light equal to a tenth part of that of the full moon; and the light of the full moon, even when concentrated by the focus of the largest mirrors and lenses, and acting upon the blackened bulb of an air thermometer, has never produced any sensible effect, although from the manner in which this experiment has been conducted, a hundredth part of a degree [centigrade] would have been readily appreciated. We must reject the use of reason, if, with such a result before us, we could entertain the idea, that a comet, even ten times more brilliant than that of 1811, could, by its light, produce upon the earth such variations of temperature as would affect the quantity or quality of its crops, or even such minute changes as are capable of affecting our most delicate meteorological instruments." pp. 30, 31.

Our author does not pretend to give us any new light upon the physical constitution of comets.

"The public has, I allow, a right to expect some particulars as to the nature of the light of comets, some account of the causes which produce their tails, which modify them in so many different ways, which give rise to the system of concentric envelopes around the nucleus, &c. But I must frankly say, that, in the actual state of the science, I have nothing upon these subjects to lay before the reader but mere romances, gratuitous hypotheses and theories, having no real foundation. That branch of astronomy which treats of the motions of comets has made great progress during the last century and a half; but the physical constitution of these bodies is still wrapt in great obscurity, notwithstanding the zealous labors of observers." p. 41.

M. Arago admits it to be possible that a comet may "encounter the earth." But "the doctrine of chances shows that out of two hundred and eighty-one millions of cases, there is but one against us, but one in which the two bodies could meet." And according to his opinion of the size of the nucleus, the chance of collision between this and the earth is too small to be estimated. That a comet may fall into the sun, and that the comet of 1680 infallibly will at some time, is demonstrated by our author upon what he pronounces "incontestable mechanical principles."

Respecting the disastrous consequences ascribed to the visits of comets, M. Arago thinks that nothing has yet been proved. "The average number of these bodies," he says, "is more than two for each year. If we agree with Mr. Forster (an English physician whose name is not unknown to philosophers) that their influence begins before they are visible, and continues some time after, we shall never be without a comet to account for every phenomenon, misfortune, or epidemic that can occur." p. 57.

Again, alluding still to Mr. Forster ;

"When an author appends to the date of a comet, like that of 1668, the remark that *all the cats in Westphalia were sick*; and to the date of another, that of 1746, the circumstance, very little analogous to the former, to be sure, that an *earthquake* destroyed in *Peru* the towns of Lima and Callao; when he adds that, during the appearance of a third comet, a *meteoric stone* fell, in *Scotland*, into a high tower and broke the wheels of a clock; that, during the winter, wild pigeons appeared in large flocks in *America*; or still more, that *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*

threw out torrents of lava, — we must consider him as displaying his learning to little purpose. If, in thus registering contemporary events, he thinks he has established some new relations between them, he is as much mistaken as the old woman, mentioned by Bayle, who, never having put her head out of her window without seeing coaches in the Rue St. Honoré, imagined herself to be the cause of their passing." — p. 59.

A great portion of the topics in this Tract we have not even touched upon, intending to recur to the subject in our Number for the next month.

ART. XII. — *The Curiosities of Common Water; or the Advantages thereof in curing Cholera, Intemperance, and other Maladies: gathered from the Writings of eminent Physicians; and also from more than Forty Years' Experience.* By JOHN SMITH, C. M. *To which are added some Rules for Preserving Health by Diet.* The Fifth Edition. With Additions, communicated by RALPH THORESBY, F. R. S. and others. London printed: Reprinted at Boston, for Joseph Edwards, at the corner Shop on the north side of the Town House, 1725. Salem. Whipple & Lawrence. 1832. 12mo. pp. 54.

WE have a great respect for the empiric sect of medicine, in the legitimate sense of the word; and we regard ourselves as members of the same, so far as observation and experience enable us to practise on ourselves. But this is the whole. We would by no means practise upon others, even with the water system and the cool simples which bestow sweet rest, merely because they happen to please and to suit ourselves. But above all things we abhor quacks, and drugs administered by pretenders, when we know not what villanous compounds may be prescribed. There is a certain watch which a man may keep upon himself, which, in the minor complaints that are incident to almost every one, is a great deal better than tampering with medicinal remedies. So far as we can make our food and drink our medicines, and abstinence a substitute for the physician, so far is our condition more safe and happy. And this in ordinary cases is in the power of a prudent man. We speak rather of the absence of health, than of positive disease, — if we may

be allowed the distinction; for mere freedom from marked disease, when there is no vigor nor animal spirits, is by no means a healthy condition; and such a state, in nine cases out of ten, we verily believe is owing to our fault or negligence, or voluntary ignorance in respect to our own constitutional temperament, and to our want of attention to diet and exercise.

The *Curiosities of Common Water* and its healing virtues, both as a drink and as an external application, are abundantly illustrated in the pamphlet before us. If this simple medicine is capable of accomplishing a tenth part of what is set forth in the record, it must prove a great blessing to those who have faith enough to make trial thereof. It is prescribed for almost every disease which flesh is heir to. Whatever may be thought of its good effects in some of the specific diseases mentioned by the author, for which it has been successfully employed, we have no doubt of these effects in regard to many of them; and for a certain sort of valetudinarians the following facts may prove beneficial in more than one particular.

"To what hath been said, may be added this consideration, that when the best physicians are baffled by some distempers, they advise their patients to use the water of some mineral spring; tacitly acknowledging thereby, that all their prescriptions may be excelled by water. They pretend indeed, to ascribe its effects to some minerals with which the waters are tinged: but Dr. Baynard, in p. 438 of Sir John Floyer's '*Cold Bathing*,' tells of a certain person who used to frequent Tunbridge, by which he found much benefit; but being hindered from going thither one season, did drink the same quantities of water taken from the pump of a spring in his own yard, which did him as much service: whereupon he wrote thus on his pump:

'The steel is a cheat;

'T is water does the feat.'" p. 21.

The following paragraph which closes the "*Rules for Preserving Health by Diet*," though not very new, contains, in a comprehensive way, some important truths, to which many persons seem to be strangers.

"In short, temperance, or a spare diet, void of dainties, never was injurious to the strongest constitution, and without it, such as are weak and sickly cannot long subsist; for the more such persons eat and drink, the more weak and disordered they

will still find themselves to be; so that if the strong despise temperance, yet the comfort of weak, sickly, and pining people does depend entirely upon their constantly observing it: which, when they are accustomed to it, will be easy to do; so that they will deny all intemperate desires with as great pleasure, as they before did delight in what is falsely styled good eating and drinking; for nothing of that is good, which is injurious to health. It is custom only that makes men hanker after gluttony and drunkenness, and a contrary custom will make men abhor it as much: and therefore it is a wonder the rich do not strive to attain it; for

“A fatal error 't is in men of wealth,
To feed so high as will destroy their health.”

Temperance being that which will enable them to live most at ease, and enjoy their wealth the longest; this, and water-drinking, being the surest way to bring men to old age, though it hath not power to make the aged young.” p. 45.

Several judicious notes are added by Dr. Jennison, the present editor, being chiefly short biographical accounts of physicians who are quoted in the text. One of the notes however, of several pages, upon *Cholera*, will be read with particular interest at the present time.

We cheerfully recommend this pamphlet, which contains a good deal in a small compass, as a valuable auxiliary in the cause of temperance, — temperance not only in drinking but also in eating, — temperance, which is the great art of preserving health.

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- ART. XIII. — 1. *Swallow Barn, or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion.* Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1832. 2 vols. 12mo.
2. *Ivan Vejeeghen, or Life in Russia.* By Thaddeus Bulgarin. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea. 1832. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. *Adventures of a Younger Son.* New York. J. & J. Harper. 1832. 2 vols. 12mo.

WE notice these three works together, not merely on account of their belonging to the same class of books, but also on account of their general similitude of character in a certain point of view. The story in all is a secondary affair,

serving merely as a bond of connexion, and often a slight one, between a series of descriptions of persons, scenes, or manners. This character indeed is common to very many of the novels of the present time, — since it is found much easier to procure materials for book-making from the extensive and varied stores of geography and history, than to task invention for new combinations of the scanty and exhausted elements of story-telling.

The first of the works, whose titles we have given above, is attributed to a writer of some celebrity in this country, — and if it be his, we are surprised that one formerly associated with Irving in a literary undertaking, should have been willing to offer to the world an imitation of "Bracebridge Hall" (for such it appears to be), under such unfavorable circumstances. It indicates a great want of judgment; since, in the first place, the mere fact of being an imitation, other things being equal, is always unfavorable to a work; and, in the second place, a great part of the merit of "Bracebridge Hall" consists in the advantage which the author takes of certain associations, existing in the minds of the reading classes both in England and America, in favor of the old English country life. The charms of this have been so long the theme of the poet and the essayist, and have been sung and said to us so often, that we have learned to consider the situation of an English country gentleman in affluent circumstances, as the *beau idéal* of existence. The picture is as familiar to the imagination of the English reader, as that of Arcadia to the mind of the classic one, and perhaps has as little foundation in any reality. But when a writer, forgetting all this, attempts to keep up an interest through two volumes, in the sayings and doings and every-day modes of life of a Virginian planter, we must say we consider his courage in advance of his discretion; and this is the fact. "Swallow Barn" is the name of the mansion of a country-gentleman in Virginia, at which the writer is supposed to reside for a short period. The characters are few and without interest, living, acting, and talking, in the way which we are bound in courtesy to the author to suppose is usual with individuals of that class in Virginia, and which, it seems to us, must be quite as dull in the reality (though this may seem a bold supposition) as it is in the description.

All the three works, as we observed before, bear a general resemblance in one circumstance, namely, the slightness of the story ; but the likeness between the last two is much stronger in the general plan. Both of them relate the adventures of a person whose youth was unhappy and deserted, and who grew up to be knocked about the world by circumstances more or less untoward. The difference is that the principal scene of adventure in the one case is Russia, and in the other the islands of the Indian Archipelago. It may be that the resemblance between these works exists only in our imagination, arising from a turn for classifying and arranging things in files or bundles for convenience of reference ; but it struck us so strongly, that we should have suspected them to have been by the same author, were it not for the use, by the writer of "*Ivan Vejeeghen*," of such phrases as "*received in a present*," "*once he had gone*" for *when once*, and the like, indicating the author to be a Scotchman, while in "*The Adventures of a Younger Son*," the natives of Scotland are spoken of occasionally in such terms of dislike or contempt as no man ever applies to his own countrymen.

The first volume of "*The Adventures of a Younger Son*," and both those of "*Ivan Vejeeghen*," are interesting from the descriptions they give of classes of people and manners, of which very little is known among civilized communities, if we may be allowed the expression. The habits and manners of the Malays described in the former, like those of all the Eastern world, and of savage nations generally, have too little variety to interest long, and it was a mistake to undertake to dilate the matter into two volumes. One may be read with interest ; but there is not story enough to induce a reader to wade through the repetitions of a second.

With the other work the case is different ; and if we can put confidence in the accuracy of the descriptions (and we presume they are well founded, since they bear the marks of being the results of observation), they must certainly be perused with the curiosity and interest which belong to accounts of the political and economical state of the interior of a country so little known as Russia, — a country of which we know that they have an emperor, who says he is the father of his people ; while we have little or no means of learning what the children think about the matter. We hear now

and then of trifling disturbances, — a few regiments getting uneasy, a few hundred officers being shot, or sent to Siberia, &c. — but on the whole, we have so little notion how matters are managed on the other side of the Polish barrier, and what sort of hordes are likely to pour in some day from that quarter over civilized Europe, that every thing is to be welcomed which seems likely to throw any light on the subject.

ART. XIV. — *Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health: with other Pieces.* By the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," &c. &c. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1832. 12mo. pp. 205.

THE author of "Pelham" can publish nothing of slight interest to the reading world. Many of his works have been condemned by the thinking, as having a pernicious and immoral tendency; and the sentence is unquestionably just. So far, the greater the genius, the more profuse the brilliancy of imagination, the more fascinating the wit and invention, the more deeply must they be deplored by all who prefer gold to tinsel, virtuous conduct to fine talking, and plain right-heartedness to the point and pith of conversational epigram, and the cheating romance of a half mystical philosophy. But moralists and reviewers can never stem the tide of popular applause, which is governed by the attraction of Mr. Bulwer's genius, as the ocean-tide is governed by the motions of the moon. We must receive what he chooses to give us, submitting to the evil, and consoling ourselves with the hope that the energies of his mind will work themselves clear of paltry mannerisms, a pernicious spirit of burlesque, and a strong tendency to gorgeous verbiage and eloquent apostrophe, amidst the excitements of literary honors, and the practical business of parliamentary debate.

The character of the "Student" bears a family resemblance to some of the best drawn and most interesting personages in several of the author's novels. He is a man of strong intellect, highly cultivated by study and adorned by all graceful accomplishment. He looks upon the world with the eye of a poet, and contemplates the condition of man

through the medium of a gentle melancholy. His ill health softens his sympathies with his fellow men, but prevents him from being hurried into feverish excitement by the wide-spreading horizon of human endeavour, over which his eye wanders, ever and anon kindling into the enthusiasm of past remembrances. He has studied *mind* by observation and reflection; and overspreads his speculation with the charm of that dreamy, but enticing philosophy, in which lofty and imaginative conceptions, joyous and fanciful hopes of a dim but lovely future, — a state of existence uniting in a perfect whole the fragments of beauty and grandeur which are scattered over the present, — form the elements of a visionary psychology, ever-shifting but ever-glorious, like a succession of silver-clouds on the heaven of a summer day. The conversations are managed with great skill, and topics of surpassing interest are treated with grace and power. Society, ambition, life, death, immortality, are themes of discourse, around which the genius of Mr. Bulwer has thrown a magical charm, which his readers will not easily forget. Various literary topics are occasionally touched upon with striking justness of critical taste, and liveliness of remark. The incidental notice of Bacon, and the observations which follow (pp. 29 and 30), unite the two qualities of vigorous poetical enthusiasm, and practical applicability to the great subject of man's condition here and his hopes hereafter. How bright, yet soft and mellow, is the coloring of his meditations suggested by the name of Milton, — how just and clear his occasional delineations of Byron, — how fine, how tasteful, how discriminating his critical judgments on Pope, Thomson, Johnson, and Akenside, — and how profound his appreciation of the true worth of Young! Had Mr. Bulwer written nothing else, his name would not soon be forgotten. Had he *always* written so, British literature would have hailed in him the rising of one of her brightest stars.

Among the miscellaneous pieces, "The Knowledge of the World in Men and Books" is the most interesting and important. Of the tales, the "Manuscript found in a Mad House" is unutterably revolting, and we cannot but regret its republication in a volume, containing so much that accords with the best principles of morals and taste. It is an unnatural excrescence. It appears to have been written in the very wantonness of an unbridled imagination, trying how far

beyond the bounds of reason and common sense it could go. It is absurd in conception, extravagant in execution, disgusting, even to loathing, in effect.

Mr. Bulwer's style is marred by glaring defects, but possesses also extraordinary merits. It is sometimes affectedly epigrammatic, but generally flows in a beautiful current of clear thought and sparkling imagination. It is wonderfully picturesque from his laudable use of Saxon English, which alone expresses the genuine feelings, accompanied by the secondary native associations and *racy* imagery, of a thoroughly English heart. His taste is generally pure, and his range of historical and literary allusion wide. Certain characters, and particularly one, the elements of which are, high intellect, noble birth, or at least noble manners, — tinged with melancholy but not moroseness, — romantic views of philosophy and life, — and a love of the beautiful in art and nature, with a fondness for abstract contemplation and retirement, — Mr. Bulwer conceives in a style of extraordinary vigor, and executes with the bold hand and finished detail of an accomplished artist. The follies of fashionable life, all that is unnatural and extravagant, will speedily pass into oblivion. There is secondary talent enough for the ignoble work of transferring all this to the pages of contemporary and ephemeral literature. In these stirring times, when the elements of social order are in chaotic tumult, there is another and a sterner task for men of genius like Mr. Bulwer. To soothe the wild passions by the godlike power of superior intellectual gifts, to teach the agitated minds of men the true, the beautiful, and the good, and thus enable them to erect amidst the ruins and the tottering remains of old, time-worn institutions, a nobler and better order of things, — this is the achievement to which the great men of our age are called. Could any humble word of ours reach the author of *Pelham*, we would say to him, "Come out from your fashionables, and your robbers, and your murderers, — leave them to the herd of common scribblers; for they are unfit associates for such as you; be faithful to yourself and your age, and coming ages will be faithful to your fame."

ART. XV. — *The Juvenile Rollin, or Conversations on Ancient History.* By A MOTHER. Vol. I. [Library of Ancient History.] Boston. William Hyde & Co. 1832. 12mo. pp. 242.

WE took up this little volume from the bookseller's counter, and have read it through with uninterrupted interest, entirely ignorant of its origin, any farther than it is indicated in the title-page and Preface. But what "Mother" under the disadvantages described in the preface, amidst the prattle of children, "with a little one on the lap" requiring all the methods of maternal ingenuity to secure its peace, to say nothing of "a shake of the table, an occasional slide of the paper, or an upsetting of the ink, or a climbing upon the neck," could write such a book, is beyond our ken. These things we trust are honestly set forth; and the author has no reason to be ashamed of disclosing her name, which would be honored by this performance, abating some trifling defects, under any circumstances.

"Children," says the author, "are best pleased with those books, which most closely copy their own thoughts and words, — their own little pleasantries and every-day occupations." Such she has attempted to make her book. When we add to this, that, by her remarkably simple and lively narrative style; by the union of historical truth with a mode of relating it and of describing characters, as if she were telling what she had witnessed, and describing persons familiarly known; and by the very natural dialogues in which the children ask just such questions and make such remarks as we should expect of them, she has reached her great end and aim, — we suppose we give her work the praise (and we think it well deserved) which she most covets.

Then again occur those moral applications and analogies, parallels and contrasts, most happily suited to the youthful mind, and so managed as to guard against all the pernicious influences of examples in which glory predominates, or wickedness is in any way attractive. Besides these things, we meet those occasional digressions, necessary to the infant or very youthful mind, which cannot be long confined to one subject. In explanation of all this, we should have said before that the interlocutors in this pleasant book of instruction

are a mother, occasionally a father, a son, and two daughters ; the eldest of the children being only eleven years of age, but all of them " possessed of much general knowledge besides what they had acquired from books."

We should cheerfully illustrate our remarks by extracts from the book, if our pages were not already filled. The volume now published contains the history of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, and Grecians. " The appearance of future volumes," says the author, " if life and health be spared, will depend entirely upon the opinion which the public shall form of this. An opportunity to finish the work would be gratifying ; but the *last* to *crowd* the efforts of her own pen upon the notice of the public will be the author." These frank propositions, we, as a part of the public, frankly meet ; and to the lady who makes them, we reply, Go on, as you have begun, and " tell " our children " of the Macedonians and their famous kings ; and of the Jews, God's ancient people ; and also of the Romans, that powerful nation, who conquered almost all that was then known of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and who governed all these countries when Christ was upon earth."

ERRATUM.

In No. VIII. page 158, line 7, for *twenty-five thousand* read *two thousand five hundred*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

FOR AUGUST, 1832.

Carey & Lea, Philadelphia. — The Cholera Gazette. Nos. 1 and 2.

Uriah Hunt, Philadelphia. — The American Farrier: containing a minute Account of the Formation of every Part of the Horse; with a Description of the Diseases and the best Remedies, and the most approved Treatment for preventing Disorders, a List of Medicines, &c. 12mo.

J. & J. Harper, New York. — Family Library. No. 37. Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth. By John Abercrombie, M. D.

Family Library. Nos. 38, 39, 40. The Lives of Celebrated Travellers. 3 vols.

Tales of the Early Ages. By Horace Smith, Esq., author of "Zillah," "Brambletye House," &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Percy Anecdotes, Revised Edition; to which is added a valuable Collection of American Anecdotes, Original and Select. Illustrated with Fourteen fine Portraits. 8vo. 2 vols. in 1.

Richardson, Lord, & Holbrook, Boston. — Peter Parley's Book of Curiosities, Natural and Artificial. 16mo.

Carter, Hendee, & Co., Boston. — Peter Parley's Tales of Animals. With numerous Engravings. 2d Edition, with many corrections and improvements. Adapted to the Use of Schools. 12mo.

Rudiments of the Italian Language; or Easy Lessons in Spelling and Reading, with an Abridgment of the Grammar, &c. By Pietro Bachi, Instructor in Harvard University. 16mo.

Allen & Ticknor, Boston. — The Medical Magazine. Conducted by A. L. Pierson, J. B. Flint, and E. Bartlett. July and August. Nos. 1 and 2. To be continued Monthly.

Gray & Bowen, Boston. — A Biographical Memoir of the late Commodore Joshua Barney; from Autographical Notes and Journals in possession of his Family, &c. Edited by Mary Barney. 8vo.

The Gospel Exhibited in a Unitarian Minister's Preaching. By George R. Noyes.

A Discourse delivered in the Church in Brattle Square, Boston, August 9th, 1832; the Day appointed for Fasting and Prayer in Massachusetts, on account of the Approach of the Cholera. By John G. Palfrey, A. M., Professor of Biblical Literature in Harvard University.

Leonard C. Bowles, Boston. — The Hill and the Valley. Forming No. 2 of Illustrations of Political Economy. By Harriet Martineau.

A Sermon preached in King's Chapel, Boston, August 9, 1832; the Day appointed for Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, on account of the Approach of the Cholera. By F. W. P. Greenwood.

Marsh, Capen, & Lyon, Boston. — The Life of John Murray, written by Himself. 5th Edition. With Notes and Remarks, by the Rev. L. S. Everett. 12mo. Being Universalist Library, Vol. 1.

William Hyde, & Co. Boston. — The Etymological Encyclopædia of Technical Words and Phrases used in the Arts and Sciences, &c. By D. J. Browne, Author of the "Sylva Americana," &c. 18mo.

Pierce & Parker, Boston. — The Young Christian, or Familiar Illustrations of the Principles of Christian Duty. By Jacob Abbot, Principal of Mount Vernon Female School. 12mo.

James Loring, Boston. — Incidents in the Life of Matthew Hale. By Gilbert Burnet, D. D. With Baxter's Recollections of Hale. 18mo.

Lincoln & Edmands, Boston. — Progressive Exercises in English Composition. By R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School. 12mo. Origin and History of Missions. Compiled, &c., by Thomas Smith, Minister of Trinity Church, London. No. 3.

Hilliard, Gray, & Co. Boston. — Tract on Comets; and particularly on the Comet which is to intersect the Earth's Path in October, 1832. By M. Arago, attached to the Royal Observatory at Paris. Translated from the French by John Farrar. 12mo.

Sermon preached in the Twelfth Congregational Church, Boston, August 9th, 1832. The Day appointed for Fasting, Humiliation, and Prayer, on account of the Approach of the Cholera. By Samuel Barret, Minister of that Church.

Lilly & Wait, Boston. — New Clerk's Magazine, containing all the most Useful Forms which occur in Business Transactions, &c. By a Member of the Massachusetts Bar. 12mo.

Stimpson & Clapp, Boston. — American Library of Useful Knowledge. Vol. 6. Containing an Universal History, translated from the German of John Von Müller. In 4 vols. Vol. 3.

A Word for the Church, by Rev. George W. Doane. 8vo.

Whipple & Lawrence, Salem. — The Curiosities of Common Water, &c. By John Smith, C. M. To which are added some Rules for Preserving Health by Diet and Regimen. 12mo.